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Saturday Review

JANUARY 8, 1972 50¢

The Demoralization of an Army

FRAGGING AND OTHER WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS

by Eugene Linden

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The Demoralization of an Army: Fragging and Other Withdrawal Symptoms

by Eugene Linden

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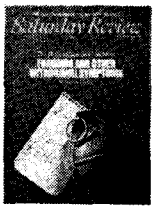

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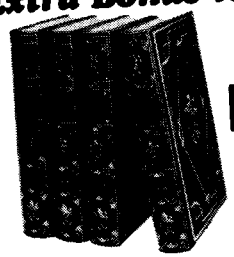

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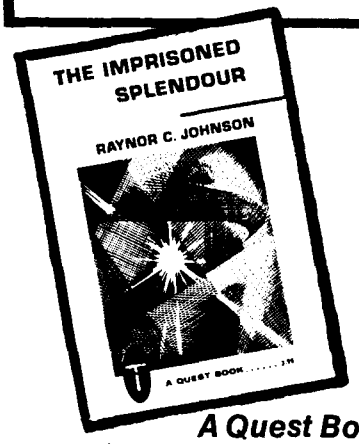

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Hello and Goodbye Season

It was only last September that TV viewers settled back to get acquainted with and, hopefully, to fall in love with the new characters in the new situation comedies of a new season. Suddenly, thirteen weeks later, the networks announced most of them were being canceled. Without even an "Oops, sorry," or a "By your leave," or even a "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

Actually it wasn't the Lord who took them away. It was a power much higher. It was the Nielsen ratings, that arcane métier that dictates the longevity of all the programs we see on the home screen. When a fine new program you've begun to enjoy suddenly disappears—the late *My World and Welcome to It,* for example—don't put it down as a putdown of your judgment and taste. Always remember the cardinal code of any network: "No show is ever canceled because of bad writing; it's always because of bad rating."

There was one exception to that rule last season when Robert D. Wood, president of the CBS network, had the fortitude and good taste to say "Goodbye" to, and to drop from that network's schedule, a highly rated show called *Hee-Haw*—an hour that reeked of bucolic humor but that on the Nielsen charts smelled like Arpège.

It was the same Mr. Wood who, early last year, flew in the face of tradition and fearlessly asked us to say "Hello" to *All in the Family,* a program that hilariously points up the obscenities of bigotry, with the hope that all Archie Bunkers, wherever they are, will one day develop the good sense and courage to call a spade "Mister."

Wood also displayed inventiveness by programing four half-hour quality comedy programs one after another in the Saturday night schedule: the aforementioned *All in the Family,* then *Funny Face, The New Dick Van Dyke Show,* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show,* all with talented players, clever writers, and smart producers.

However, I will admit to a queasy feeling as I watched Dick Van Dyke followed by Mary Tyler Moore. As a fan of the old, and fondly remembered, Dick Van Dyke program, I knew Mary Tyler Moore as Dick's wife, Laura. I knew they weren't *really* married, but they did go together like love and marriage. Now here they are, Dick and Mary, only a half hour apart from each other, but never the twain shall meet.

It's a wrench to find Mary Tyler Moore is now a bachelor girl known as Mary Richards, although I know she is really married to a man named Grant Tinker, not to be confused with Mr. Grant, Mary's boss at the TV station where she works in her new show, set in Minneapolis.

As for Dick Van Dyke, who was married to Laura but who is really married to Mrs. Van Dyke, he now lives on his new show in Phoenix with beautiful Hope Lange, cast as his wife, who is really separated from her real husband, Don Murray. I fondly recall Hope Lange as Mrs. Muir, the widow trying to get something going with a ghost, but, according to the gossip columns, she is now really an "item" with Frank Sinatra.

On TV, marriages make strange bedfellows. None of this unhappy confusion would have occurred to me if it weren't for all the reshuffling and cancellation of programs at the whim of the ratings. For instance, NBC had the misfortune to come up last September with five programs, which didn't amount to much but which the network hoped would mount a rating. They didn't. So *Sarge, The Funny Side, The Partners, The D.A.,* and *The Good Life* were all short-lived. Hello and goodbye. And that goes for several other programs that should never have got further than the typewriters on which they were ill conceived.

Now in their place will be five other programs. And if Nielsen doesn't treat them generously, they will soon be replaced, no doubt, by an old movie. The easy way to a high rating. But not always.

For instance, NBC is also dropping the Friday night *World Premiere Movies,* new films made for TV, and will replace them with old films that once played second-run movie theaters. They will be called, inventively, *Friday Night at the Movies.* To differentiate them from Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights at the movies, all with their never-ending commercials.

While we're on commercials, I have a new favorite. It's the one where the announcer appears with a comely young lass and introduces her as Miss Betty Sternberg. Betty is not a TV actress, he tells us. That, he hopes, will lend credence to her recommendation of the product. She is a schoolteacher, he tells us. She doesn't look like a schoolteacher.

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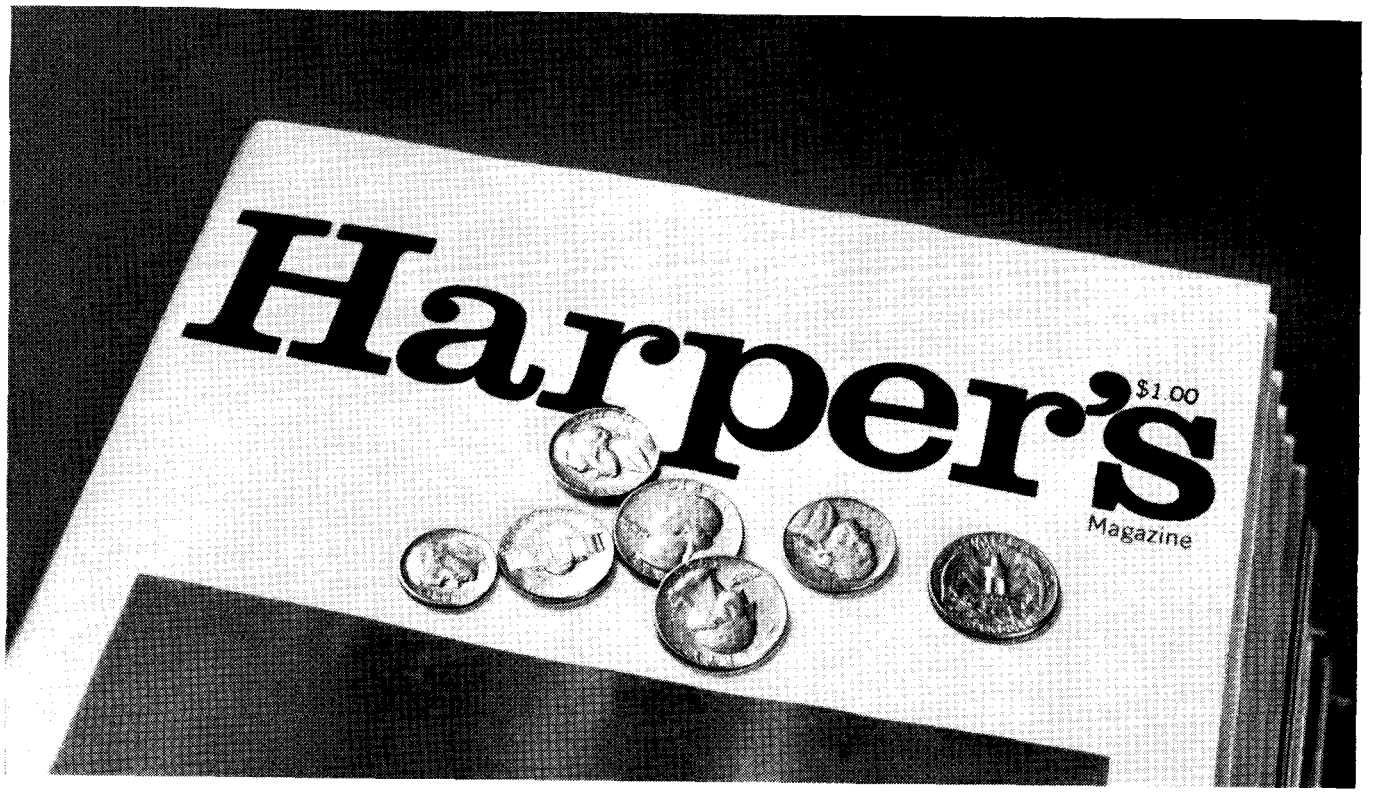

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Male Oppression of Women Composers

One of the most shocking instances of male chauvinism in the arts is painfully obvious in the exclusion from important concerts and operatic productions of works by the best women composers. So widespread is this practice that music lovers of both sexes accept without protest whole evenings of works by Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, John Cage, Bach, Handel, Debussy, Ravel, Chopin, Liszt, Bob Dylan, Gounod, Britten, Wagner, Verdi, and still others, often with no representation of female composers at all. Famous orchestras go through whole seasons without playing the *Gaelic Symphony* by Amy Marcy Beach. How many times can our young people in any but the most cosmopolitan centers hear performed the works of Pauline Viardot-Garcia? Year after year, the Metropolitan gives us the old chestnuts, *Faust, Carmen, Parsifal, Aïda*, all by men; how many times since 1903 has it offered its subscribers Ethel Mary Smyth's *The Forest*? Some chamber music groups do not even rehearse or include in their repertory compositions of Frieda Mary Swain. And what of comic opera? There are now many fully grown music lovers who have never heard Smyth's *Boatswain's Mate*. Oh, no, it's Gilbert and Sullivan (*both* male), over and over again. American organists will play half a dozen concerts without including Elizabeth Sterling's *All Among the Barley*. And how often do our best organists give us works by Cécile Chaminade?

"Yes," says the typical musical chauvinist, "but look at Carrie Jacobs Bond —no vocal compositions are more often sung than her masterpieces." True, but she is one lone instance. "Lady John Douglas Scott?" Innumerable performances, but the impossible words about the mindless sex-object, Annie Laurie, were written by a man. And, superb as the *Skye Boat Song* is, Lady Wilson wrote only its second half.

The only real remedy is application of the percentage quota basis advocated for such occupations as college teaching. A requirement that 20 per cent of all numbers performed in public by any musical organization be by female composers would be a beginning, though pitifully far from the complete equality that is women's right.

Make yourself heard! Write your own Congressman/Congresswoman, also Ms. (repeat Ms.) Bella Abzug, your local concert managers, the Metropolitan, Lincoln Center, and, by all means, Hunter College. Put up a few of your own signs alongside management's posters: "We want concerti by Dorothy Howell!" or "Where are Poldowski and Claribel?" Persistence will bring results.

Richard L. Greene

"I didn't know they even made stay-sick cards."

Back in Ten Minutes

One of the things I have admired in Chinese laundrymen over the years, apart from their skill and patience, is their candor. I was reminded of this not long ago when I called at a knife-grinder's in the Village and found his little store closed and a sign "Back in Half an Hour" in the window. As I had little to do I waited, but he did not return in forty minutes—or in forty-five—and I left.

Next day, I went to the place at a different hour, and the sign was in the window. It was still there on the third day, and I went in search of another knife-grinder, which is not an unpleasant quest on a fine autumn day.

A Chinese laundryman would never be guilty of this knife-grinder's duplicity. When a Chinese laundryman has business to attend to outside, or when he wishes to retire to the room behind the limp curtain where he lives or relaxes, he locks his front door, but he never puts up a sign "Back in Ten Minutes."

If a customer raps sharply on the plate-glass window or the door, the laundryman sits fast. If a customer sees him, he waves the customer away. He may be polishing off a second portion of chow mein or playing a game of fantan with some cronies or doing nothing more energetic than reading *The New York Times*, but he doesn't get up.

I prefer this forthright way to the deception of the "Back in Half an Hour" sign, which doesn't indicate when the shop owner left and thus relieves him of the obligation to come back at all. "Back in Ten Minutes" is even more of a trap since the duration of the expected wait appears shorter.

The Italians have improved on this with a sign that says, "Ritorno subito" ("I shall return immediately"). This has all the color and dash of a company of *Bersaglieri* dog-trotting in a parade, but no Italian believes the message. I have tried to, loitering outside a *tintoria* or a *pasticceria* in Rome till neighbors of the man who put up the sign informed me it was useless to wait as the man had gone away the day before to visit his grandfather's older sister at Campobasso or some such place. The Chinese laundryman, by not putting a sign in his window, doesn't implant any false hopes in his customers.

John Ferris

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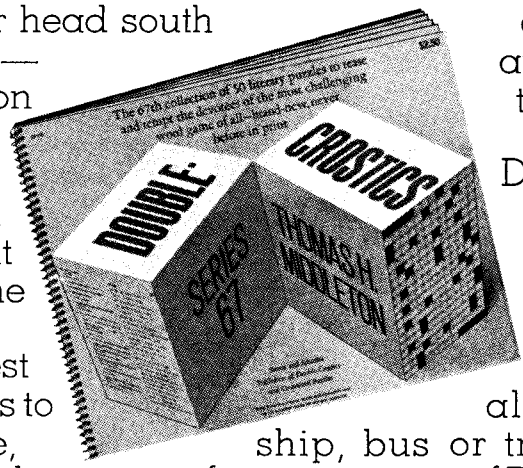

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Robert Lewis Shayon

Archie's Other Side

The most intriguing moments in CBS's *All in the Family*, the nation's No. 1 television program, are those when Archie Bunker, the ethnocentric, nationalistic, lower-middle-class, American protagonist, confronts some particular truth about himself or his social system—and then backs off after teetering precariously on the edge of a potentially life-changing insight. There was such a moment in a recent episode. Archie (Carroll O'Connor) tried unsuccessfully to explain to a young Puerto Rican working under him why he, Archie, had to fire him. "It isn't me; it's the system," insisted Archie, whose genuine compassion for the Puerto Rican was influenced by the fact that in the same episode he also had experienced the arbitrary unreasonableness of "the system." "Where's the system so I can complain to him?" the young man asked pathetically.

When Archie responded, "I don't know," his eyes were unusually eloquent with unspoken thoughts and suggested that he had caught some glimpse of the impersonality of the technological, corporate world. If he actually had that glimpse, he didn't verbalize it, for the constraints of the *All in the Family* formula dictate that Archie shall never become aware that he is a bigot. The producers and writers take care that, week after week, he remain unmoved in his ethnic and racial prejudices, self-centered lifestyle, and political chauvinism. From this rock of ignorance rise endless opportunities for ethnic, body, and political jokes, all bounced off Archie's crude, uncompromising primitivism. To change this formula might help viewers gain some insight into their own biases, but it would destroy the structure that has given the program astonishing success in its first year on television. One doesn't tamper with a 53 per cent share of the viewing audience.

Nevertheless, by calculation and cleverness, the producers and writers of *All in the Family* could provide more such mind-opening moments without risk to the show's popularity. They might also give consideration to a suggestion that they respond to the serious criticism the program has been receiving from thoughtful people who see in the show's success an unfortunate public legitimation of sadistic, grotesque, and one-dimensional ethnic and racial stereotyping. Some see the program as negating many of the gains made in the last two decades by the elimination of entertainment stemming from the tradition of *Abie's Irish Rose* and *Amos 'n' Andy*. The "quarantine treatment," which once contained such neo-Nazis as George Lincoln Rockwell by giving them no publicity in the media, cannot work for a television show that viewers in an estimated 35 million homes watch and debate about every week.

Some observers would like the program off the air; others hope that it will abandon its ethnic themes and pursue its repertoire of admittedly funny situations without them. Neither of these proposals is realistic. The show is here to stay. Its supporters point out that the characters in the series who represent blacks, Jews, Italians, Catholics, Poles, and/or other groups are quite capable of "taking care of themselves." Archie is invariably bested in his encounters with such characters, and these putdowns are especially relished by those selective perceivers who take a "liberal" position. The presence of an opposition may be counted a social gain, but the effect is a stand-off each week.

The nation is polarized along class, racial, ethnic, and political lines. Part of the explanation of *All in the Family*'s popularity is the fact that the show expresses these polarizations and does so with a topicality unusual for television (the program is taped before a live audience only two weeks before air time). *All in the Family* is America's barricades of the air. Every Saturday night the polarized armies in the audience clash on the program's battlefield, opposing their prejudices and hostilities, and coming away not a whit persuaded by the other side. The Silent Majority roots for Archie, the liberals for all those who oppose him. In the center is the great middle group of viewers whose biases are comparatively mild. They could be moved by small increments of tolerance, and the most promising way to move them is by giving them more of those moments when Archie seems to know—even if he doesn't say—that he has looked into the face of his fears and hates and been humbled or, at the very least, puzzled.

Norman Lear, the program's producer, says that Carroll O'Connor is "a thinking actor." When O'Connor said, "I don't know," in the Puerto Rican firing episode, he thought of James Baldwin's line about the white man trapped in his own heritage. If empathy lies in such visual communication, then let's have more for thinking viewers.

"Enid, I've changed my mind. You can get me that flowered shirt."

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Watch out for these changes in 1972

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The year just starting won't be an easy one for those who try to go along on a business-as-usual basis. There will be too much going on... too many changes and departures from what we've been used to.

You quickly come to that conclusion when you see what *U.S. News & World Report* has to say, in current and coming issues, about the outlook for 1972.

Phase II controls to deal with and live with, for example; in some ways the new rules carry the U.S. farther along the road toward a "planned economy" than has ever been the case in peacetime.

And the fact that '72 is an Election Year means that we will have a full measure of confusing contradictions to interpret. Political expediency will bring some unexpected surprises; and campaign oratory does not contribute very often to peace of mind and understanding.

This is a time to follow the news closely, to estimate carefully what it means to you, your family, your business, your savings and investments—a good time to start reading a news magazine such as *U.S. News & World Report.*

Here is more on the Outlook, in more detail:

Business in '72: Year of the Breakthrough? A boom during a "managed" economy may be hard to figure—but all signs point to more vigorous business activity in months ahead. People will have more to spend. Government outlays will grow. Profits headed up. Inflation should be less of a problem. Fly in the ointment: uncertainty growing out of new web of controls and tougher going in overseas markets. These pose questions not to be answered in a hurry.

Politics—Can the Democrats Unseat Nixon? A flock of Democrats want the chance to run against Mr. Nixon. But the President holds the initiative and already has rocked his rivals with dramatic actions, both at home and in the international arena. Look for more surprises and innovations from the White House as campaign progresses. The most significant election in years—that's how experts size-up '72.

China, Russia, and the U.S.: Red China's rookie year in U.N. will be interesting to watch, but the big developments, if any, will take place off stage. Nixon's trip to Peking not expected to have dramatic results right away, but Moscow visit could be more fruitful. It could bring progress toward a slowdown in nuclear arms race. President may well take other unexpected steps, in search of "full generation of peace."

Phase II and Your Pocketbook: One thing sure about the "managed" economy—it will be full of confusion, one unanswered question after another. Profits will be allowed to grow—providing the economy grows. But unions will strain harder against the bonds on pay raises. Rents will rise. The prices for services will be hard to police. "Voluntary" cooperation will diminish, and tempers heat up, as everyone watches to see if someone else gets a better shake from the controllers.

Investments in 1972: How Phase II goes, or doesn't go, will be dominant influence in coming months on securities markets. Gains in corporate profits are expected to push stock prices higher. Many experts see bargains right now, especially in stocks of smaller companies. Bond prices seem likely to be bolstered by easier credit in months ahead.

Nixon & Congress—Big Battles Ahead: Election-year politics will overshadow every debate and vote in Congress. Democrats, in the majority, will be carving out positions in opposition to the White House on a wide range of politically-sensitive issues. In the forefront: Health insurance, welfare, revenue sharing, foreign aid, defense, consumer protection.

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Winding Down War in Vietnam: U.S. ground combat role will become history in 1972. Formal peace accord is unlikely, but there's chance for behind-the-scenes agreement with Hanoi on release of prisoners. North Vietnam will continue to test Saigon troops in battle, but a continued major offensive is doubtful.

Race Relations in Election Year: 1972 will see biggest political push ever by Negroes. Many Black candidates for high office in both Parties, with threat of new voting bloc if Black demands are not met. Outlook now is that '71 lull in major riots will continue as Blacks concentrate on economic and political goals.

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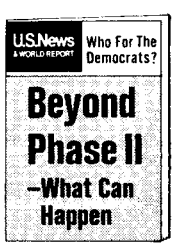

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The Demoralization of an Army

FRAGGING AND OTHER WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS

by Eugene Linden

Fragging is a macabre ritual of Vietnam in which American enlisted men attempt to murder their superiors. The word comes from the nickname for hand grenades, a weapon popular with enlisted men because the evidence is destroyed with the consummation of the crime. Fragging has ballooned into intra-Army guerrilla warfare, and in parts of Vietnam it stirs more fear among officers and NCOs than does the war with "Charlie." To predict who will be the assassin is impossible; it could be anyone, almost as though the act of murder chooses its executor at random. The victim, too, can be any officer or NCO in contact with enlisted men. Officers who survive fragging attempts often have no idea who their attackers were and live in fear that "they" will try to kill them again. Fraggings occur amid the detritus of a demoralized army: a world of heroin, racial tension, mutiny, and fear. They express the agony of the slow, internal collapse of our Army in Vietnam. Ultimately, the roots of these murder attempts lie outside the military and even the war. They lie in the clash of forces that have brought our Army in Vietnam to its present state.

Capt. Barry Steinberg, an Army judge who has presided over trials involving fraggings, has described the ritual as "the troops' way of controlling officers," adding that it is "deadly effective." Captain Steinberg argues that once an officer is intimidated by even the threat of fragging he is useless to the military because he can no longer carry out orders essential to the functioning of the Army. Through intimidation by threats—verbal and written—and scare stories, fragging is

influential to the point that virtually all officers and NCOs have to take into account the possibility of fragging before giving an order to the men under them.

Fraggings have occurred in every war in this century. The available statistics are too spotty and inconsistent to make any direct comparison; however, they do show a spectacular increase in the number of violent attacks by enlisted men on their superiors. In World War I, which involved over 4,700,000 American military, fewer than 370 cases of violence directed at superiors were brought to courts-martial. This low ratio was fairly constant through World War II and the Korean police action. It did not change significantly until Vietnam. Since January 1970 alone, a period during which roughly 700,000 Americans were in Vietnam, there have been 363 cases involving assault with explosive devices (fraggings using hand grenades, mines, and the like) and another 118 cases termed "possible assault with explosive devices." Forty-five men died in those attacks, and these figures are exclusive of fraggings by such other weapons as rifle or knife. Officers in the Judge Advocate General Corps have estimated that only about 10 per cent of fraggings end up in court.

In World War I, World War II, and Korea, the typical fragging took place in the field and for the most part during skirmishes and firefights. An inexperienced or overly zealous lieutenant would be shot by his own men while the platoon or squad was preoccupied with the enemy. The victim would be listed as Killed In Action. The killing generally followed a cold reckoning by the men in the unit that the lieutenant was a danger to them. Albeit ruthless, this type of murder at least can be understood as the result of a life or death assessment. Indeed, this type of fragging has occurred in Vietnam, and during 1967 and 1968 in the Mekong Delta region "bounty hunting" enjoyed a brief vogue: A pooled amount of money would be paid to the soldier who killed a marked NCO or officer. However, at present in Vietnam many fraggings take place in rear areas where the dangers are minimal, and many murder attempts occur without any visible provocation or motive at all. "Rear-echelon fraggings are a complete mystery to me," Jeff Jennings, a JAG lawyer at Camp Eagle, told me. "All it takes is a 'How are you, Joe?' and bang, somebody will shoot you."

The prevalence of fraggings, the passionless and often seemingly unprovoked nature of many fraggings, the grisly game of psychological warfare that GIs use to threaten and prepare a victim, and finally the climate of intim-

Eugene Linden is a writer recently returned from a trip to South Vietnam made possible by a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism.

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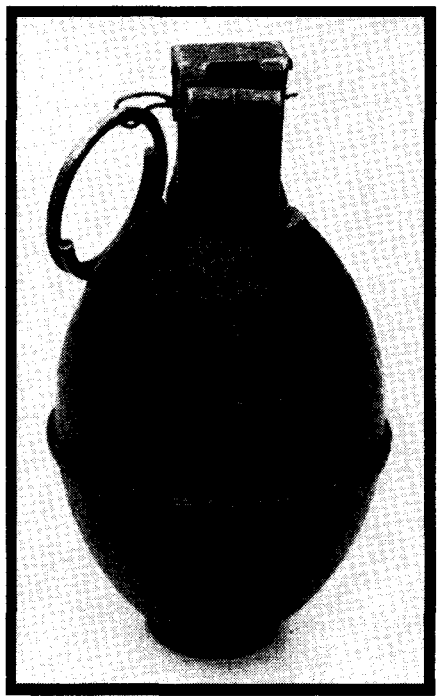
idation that effectively cripples numbers of NCOs and officers far greater in proportion than those actually involved in fragging incidents, all differentiate Vietnam from other wars the United States has fought this century. What was in World War I, World War II, and Korea an idiosyncratic yet understandable horror of war has become an obtrusive characteristic of our involvement in Southeast Asia.

Dr. Robert Landeen, an Army psychiatrist, believes that virtually all officers who are fragged are partially at fault. Although persuasive, this argument fails to explain why murder should be the primary resort of dissatisfied troops, nor does it offer any perspective on the changed conditions with which the officer has to contend.

The infantry or rear-echelon officer must be acutely sensitive to both the frustrations of his men and the demands of his superiors. He is expected to make sense of the war when his predecessors and leaders, both military and civilian, have all failed. Chances are he will fail as well, and then he is left with the task of surviving his tour without being court-martialed or fragged. One second lieutenant refused to obey an order from a superior to storm a hill during an operation in the Mekong Delta region. His first sergeant later told him that when his men heard him refuse that order they removed a $350 bounty earlier placed on his head when they thought he was "hard-line."

The overall futility and senselessness of the war make hollow all the individual acts that constitute it. The Army is stalled in Vietnam; there is no front on which to advance, no cause to fight for that can be convincingly argued, and not even any real sense of withdrawal as we withdraw. The result of this stagnation is visible everywhere in the despair written on the GI's face, but it is suffered most keenly in the rear units. In the field a soldier's actions redound upon him in terms of survival. With a good combat officer the unnecessary formalities are relaxed, and some soldiers actually prefer the countryside, with its booby traps, firefights, and risk of death, to life in the rear, with its secure, lobotomized monotony.

Although the dangers of being in the rear echelon are minimal, the environment is still one of stress. The enlisted men are the pawns of an authoritarian system designed to deploy soldiers in combat efficiently; yet, the dangers that justify its discipline are absent. The system creates its own stress to match the demands of war; yet, without the particular type of war that fulfills the system, only the stress remains. Thus, in the rear, the enlisted men become acutely aware of the authoritarianism of the system and the privileges and luxuries enjoyed by officers; yet, they see little immediate justification for the discrepancies in status because both officers and enlisted men are doing essentially nothing. This resentment sometimes erupts into skirmishes that resemble class war. The officers' club near the 2/11 Artillery at Camp Eagle north of Hué was recently attacked by between twenty and thirty enlisted men. In a well-organized assault employing combat techniques, the enlisted men first stoned the building and then hit the confused officers with gas and smoke grenades as they streamed outside to see what the disturbance was. At this point, the EMs' plan had called for the use of an M-79 grenade launcher. Fortunately, this phase was abandoned. The next day the shaken officers called a meeting of the company to discuss grievances.



Indeed, through rigidity, pettiness, or hypocrisy, many officers exacerbate frustrations, but occasionally some of them make mistakes in handling situations they should not be expected to handle. Contending with heroin use in a mutinous unit with strained race relations is overwhelming to an officer trained only to order and deploy his men. The rear-echelon officer stands over a caldron where the soldier's every atavistic impulse is boiled to the surface by the heat of enforced proximity. He is expected to lubricate the wheels of the war machine, but much of the time all he has to work with is vitriol.

At some bases, such as Camp Eagle, it seems as though the commanding officer of every unit leads what in any other war would be singled out as a rare "trouble" unit. Dr. Landeen is correct in assigning partial blame in fraggings to officers, but many inherit units already unmanageable by traditional Army methods.

Heroin is just one contender with a CO for the command of his troops. It is one device the GI uses to live through a tour in Vietnam without being there. The drug—or evidence of it—is everywhere. If you look down through the slats of a base bus station anywhere in Vietnam, you will see dozens of the little glass vials that once contained the 96 to 99 per cent pure heroin. Each $2 vial would sell for as much as $150 when cut to the 6 per cent dosage used in the U.S.A. Dr. Landeen, who was with the 101st Airborne for eight months in 1970, found that in several companies as many as 40 per cent of the men used heroin. Peer group pressure only partially explains the rapid spread of the use of heroin. Bill Karabaic, a drug counselor with the 101st Airborne, told me that for many GIs fighting a war in Vietnam is so confusing and unassimilable that when they are there they feel as though they are in a dream, that they are not really themselves. Because life there is not real, it becomes acceptable to snort skag and to frag the sarge. That's what your buddies are doing. When the dream stops and you return safely to the States, you will stop—or so goes the dream. "Vietnam is a bad place to be," said Karabaic, "and most people want to get through as quickly and painlessly as possible. Heroin makes the time fly."

Karabaic spoke of a near-fragging connected with heroin. Headquarters company received a new lieutenant fresh out of West Point who immediately alienated his men with his niggling enforcement of petty regulations. "The first day he was smoked," said Karabaic. "The second gassed. The third day he was building a frag-proof hootch [quarters]." Presently the lieutenant received an assignment. One of the men he picked to go to the field was a black who had just returned from Amnesty, the Army's heroin detoxification program. As Karabaic described him, "He was still really strung out [suffering from withdrawal] and clearly not ready to go to the field." Yet, the lieutenant ordered the GI into action despite his and Karabaic's protests. The GI refused, saying, "You're crazy." The lieutenant proceeded to make life miserable for the GI. Finally, the GI approached Karabaic and said, "I'm going to frag the bastard." Karabaic argued to no avail. In resignation, he said, "That's murder." The GI replied, "Don't mean nothing." But he hesitated, and as he walked away he handed Karabaic the grenade he had intended to use.

The lieutenant in this unit was simply overwhelmed by the behavior of troops warped by months of despair

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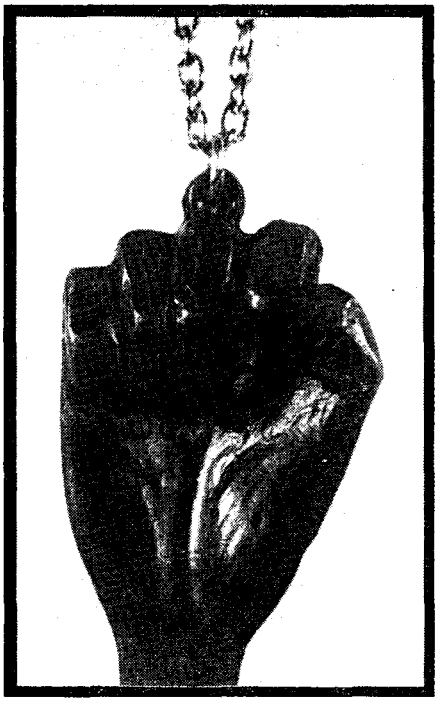
to a degree that rendered them incomprehensible to his military mind. Heroin was a problem in that unit before his arrival, but the lieutenant's inability to adjust and to even understand his men almost cost him his life.

The breakdown between this officer and his men points to the interface where our increasingly political, specialized, and mechanized official Army meets its body of enlisted men. The ordinary soldier, rooted in the simple moral and physical verities of combat, instinctively rebels against the Laputan war machine devised sterilely in the minds of strategists and foisted crudely upon the jungle of Vietnam. The tensions at this interface are the climate of fragging, and this climate can explode violently for any number of reasons. Problems such as heroin, unwillingness to work or to conform to basic regulations, and racial tensions will force an officer into desperate improvisations until the fabric of relationships that schemes the military unit begins to shred, and with it the restraints that control violence. Dr. Landeen asserts that two groups of men who quickly resort to fragging are men with something to lose—heroin users and dealers—and men with a cause, the most obvious being black radicals.

Racial problems fester unabated in Vietnam. During the week I was up north at Danang and Hué, two race riots erupted in the Danang area alone. When MPs were called in to quell the riot at Camp Baxter, they found that whites and blacks had sequestered about the camp stocks of frags, ammunition, and even a couple of M-60 machine guns. A few days later at a detachment of Engineers a breach of unwritten mess hall etiquette set off two days and two nights of skirmishes in which five GIs were injured. An unwitting white replacement had sat down at the blacks' table and refused to move when asked to by the blacks.

Some white Army officers try to manipulate racial tensions to get the cooperation and allegiance of the white soldiers. Others use black radicals as an excuse for their leadership problems—the "outside agitator" gambit. However, most disruptions by black radicals occur in units where the general breakdown of morale and discipline is already advanced. A good case in point is the fragging of Capt. John Burke. (This name and those of the other principals involved in the cases cited have been changed for obvious reasons.) Burke tended to connect his troubles with the arrival of three transfers who were Black Power advocates; however, many men in his unit were already deeply involved with heroin before the transfers arrived, and, although racial tensions had surfaced earlier, there is strong evidence that Burke's principal adversary cleverly exploited black radicalism to align other blacks behind him in what was a strictly personal vendetta with the Army. What happened to Burke typifies the predicament of the rear-echelon officer. He was liked; he tried to exercise judgment in leading his troops; still, he was fragged. Because it is difficult to pinpoint where he failed and because Burke did try to prevent the fragging, his case is worth examining.

Burke is a REMF. A REMF is a Rear Echelon Mother Fucker. No matter how decent an officer is, if he commands a rear unit, he is a REMF. Should he be judged "Stateside" because he enforces nuisance regulations, he is a marked man, but Burke was not "Stateside." He was humble, even God-fearing, and the men regarded him as "squared away."



Burke's unit was a 243-man supply detachment that serviced the 101st Airborne. The fragging occurred during the Laos operation of last winter when Burke had half his company committed in the field and was forced to exact twice the work from his remaining men at Camp Eagle. Burke's company began to slip from his control when he received the transfers. Monroe, Ewing, and Jones had been sent to Burke because they were too bothersome for their line unit. Monroe, an intelligent, troubled man, had determined that he was going to get out of the Army prior to his being transferred to Burke's company. Once there, he quickly became involved in black activism. Some blacks began to complain to Burke that they were being "shut out" if they were seen talking with whites. Monroe, Ewing, and Jones first probed Burke's authority by refusing to go to work.

By being conciliatory, Burke convinced Jones and Ewing to return to work, but Monroe continued to refuse. "Why should I be here in Vietnam fighting a white man's war killing Vietnamese when I should be back in the States fighting a black man's war killing whites?" Monroe asked after Burke offered to leave him alone if Monroe would in return offer minimum cooperation. Monroe repeated this exact declaration to the battalion commander and then went AWOL the next morning. A week later, when Monroe was caught with heroin and marijuana in a whorehouse in Hué, Burke had him thrown into the stockade.

Burke is a blocky, 220-pound former wrestler; he is a man strong enough to be flexible in administering justice without appearing to be weak. Oddly, it was Burke's flexibility that was his undoing. When Monroe's trial was postponed, Burke released him on the condition that he cooperate. Monroe agreed but again went AWOL. He was recaptured, again possessing marijuana and heroin, but still Burke hesitated to return him to the stockade. Before Burke left to check on his men in the field, rumors started: first that Burke was "down on Monroe," and then that he was "messing with the blacks."

It is moot whether Burke originally had to jail Monroe, but whatever subsequent action he took should have been consistent. Monroe, when brought back for trial, was convinced that he would not receive fair treatment and at the first opportunity went AWOL. Being caught only increased his anxiety. Monroe's entire record was marked with intransigence and indicated that he should not have been in the Army at all. Each little offense built the mountainous case the Army had against him and advanced Monroe's urge to flee; yet, the Army shied from confronting him.

It is impressed on all officer candidates that a basic tenet of military justice is that an offense be met with sure and swift punishment. Here, too, the system is designed for the rigors of war. Whatever its faults, the system is consistent, and the GI knows what to expect when he strays. When one offense is met with lenience and the next with sternness, the GI is left at sea; justice appears to him arbitrary and irrational. In describing the posture behind this patchwork justice, Dr. Landeen used the term "passive-aggressive," which will be more fully explained later. The Army alternately ignored, cajoled, and punished Monroe, and it is not surprising that he, confronted with this unpredictable system

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of order, responded unpredictably.

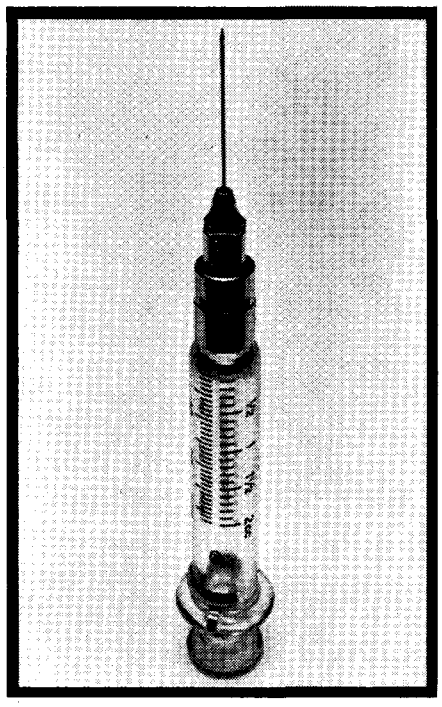
While Burke was away, another of the transfers, Jones, accosted the first sergeant in the orderly room. Holding something behind his back, Jones beckoned him outside into the night and wordlessly showed him a hand grenade. Hearing of the incident, Burke rushed back to Camp Eagle, where he conferred with the first sergeant and quickly called the company together. He spoke to the men about fraggings, calling such acts "the coward's way out" and saying that his door was open twenty-four hours a day if any man wished to talk about a problem.

The next night an incredible blast ripped through Burke's hootch. He screamed, "Oh, my God," and fell to the floor. Somebody had detonated a claymore mine (an explosive device that fires hundreds of pellets) only a few feet from where Burke slept. Burke miraculously escaped with only a wounded arm. The claymore, it turned out, had been reported missing by the company armorer three days earlier.

Monroe, Ewing, and Jones had been at a Black Power meeting that night together with the company armorer. Immediately after the explosion, Monroe was seen running into his hootch and taking off his clothes—while everybody else was getting dressed to run for the bunkers thinking that they were under rocket attack. The armorer was also seen outside at the time of the explosion. This was all that Burke could establish. Witnesses made statements and then retracted them. Other EMs (among them the armorer, who might have been trying to shift blame away from himself) claimed that Ewing and Jones had threatened to kill them should they testify. Monroe, Ewing, and Jones were acquitted of the charge of conspiracy to commit murder. Burke did obtain convictions against Monroe and Ewing for possession of heroin.

However, even had he obtained convictions on the murder charge, Burke still could not be sure that the transfers were the men who had detonated the claymore. Psychoneurotic problems borne of the fragging have shattered Burke's Army career, and although he has been moved to a desk job, he still lies awake at night wondering whether he will be pursued. Revengeful individuals have taken pains to keep his fear alive. Six months after the fragging attempt, a black soldier walked into Burke's new quarters at the precise hour of the explosion. He stood there silently until Burke's roommate asked what he was doing. The soldier said, "Don't worry about it," and spun on his heel and left.

The Army is unsure why soldiers are attempting to murder their superiors, and its approach to the problem reflects its uncertainty. Fragging is dealt with mostly on a case-by-case basis. The Army's overall policy consists of trying to restrict access to explosive devices—and, in some cases, rifles—and attempting to educate soldiers to the gravity of the crime nicknamed fragging. Symbolic of the Army's plight is that at some bases the men are not even trusted to carry the weapons necessary to fight the war they have been sent to wage. Part of the education program is directed toward eliminating the use of the word "fragging" because the Army feels the term is flippant. It is difficult, however, to imagine that the Army will be successful in stopping the men from saying, "Let's frag the sarge," after years of exhorting them to say, "Let's waste Charlie." Many units acting unilaterally have set up forums to promote communication among officers, NCOs, and enlisted men. The breakdown of communication between the official Army and its enlisted body is critical to understanding fragging, but so far the Army has had scant success in stemming the lethal fad.



The basic question remains: Why murder? The answer is that for many fraggers, the act is not murder and the victim is not human. Private First Class Walt Ross (again, a pseudonym) tried to murder his commanding officer because the PFC was "irritated."

Ross, a genial, round-faced man, is now in the Longbinh stockade, and his prison pallor contrasts sharply with the deep tan of most GIs in Vietnam. The magnitude of what he attempted still escapes him. At one point before his trial he looked up and asked naïvely, "Look, wouldn't it save everybody a lot of trouble if I took a Section Ten [discharge in lieu of a court-martial] and went home?" Later, after he was convicted of attempted murder and sentenced to ten years at hard labor, he was asked how he would have felt had the claymore mines he had rigged actually killed his CO. Ross said, "I'd have been tickled pink."

Ross is a passive man, easily impressed by the impulses of his peers. He seems to have no strong convictions on any matter, not even his own fate. Murder is generally associated with ruthless people driven by desperation or greed, and not with lackluster men like Ross who cannot comprehend that what they attempt is murder. Murder was not in his heart, it was in the air, and what he attempted is more aptly described by the Army term for killing: to neutralize. Bland, affable Walt Ross is a typical fragger.

Last winter, Ross's armored cavalry unit participated in the Laos operation. It had heavy "contact" with the enemy. This operation took place more than a year after "grunts" (foot soldiers) had started to worry about being the last man to die in Vietnam. Grunts are obsessed with this idea. Survival comes to mean shooting anything that might shoot back or get you shot. Said one corporal, "You go through a village, and you mess up some gooks just to be safe. You know it don't mean nothing because nobody's keeping score." "Don't mean nothing" summarizes the GI's attitude toward the war. "There it is" expresses his defense against it. Because the war "don't mean nothing," you do what you have to do to survive, and if your CO says that means preventing North Vietnamese build-ups and interdicting supplies, so be it, and if your buddy is blown up on one such patrol, "There it is." Up to a point.

Ross had come to Vietnam to find adventure. He found booby traps and mines. No matter how careful the grunt is, there are always booby traps and mines. There is no drama; something explodes, some men are legless or dead, and there is nobody to shoot back at. "When a mine blows a limb off, the stump hardly bleeds," said one GI. "The concussion cauterizes the wound, and the flesh sucks up. It kind of works on your mind."

The CO of Ross's unit was hard-driving. His men never had a hot meal and rarely stopped to bathe. After he had canceled several resupply missions, the men began to get angry. "He was always tellin' us to do without . . . tellin' us supplies were on the way and then sendin' us off someplace else," said Ross. "We were—" he searches for a word. "We were irritated about the whole thing, about being out there so long. The weather, the rain, the mud

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built up to an irritable stage." Ross says they saw no way to complain to the CO because he "just couldn't talk to us."

After four months, the unit was scheduled to go inside the perimeter of Khesan for a break. However, the captain volunteered his men at the last minute to stay outside the perimeter. Once more the men had to bust down jungle and set up. "That brought it to a head," said Ross.

At 10 p.m. Ross joined a group of soldiers talking in one of the armored-tracks. Eventually the conversation "boiled down to doing a job on the captain." It was something they had talked about before. "I never heard anyone say, 'Don't do it,'" said Ross, who "just took a fancy to doing it." That was it.

The fragging itself was unbelievably sloppy. Traditionally, GIs warn the intended victim before resorting to violence. It never occurred to Ross that a good scare might reform the CO. On the contrary, Ross stole three claymores, set them under what he thought was the captain's armored-track, and without hesitation detonated them. Ross blew up an empty vehicle (the captain had moved his track earlier in the evening) and injured four enlisted men sleeping nearby. Moreover, the unspooled trip wire Ross had used to explode the claymores pointed like an accusing finger to Ross's sleeping place.

Ross was asked during his post-trial interview whether there was anything in his trial that he thought was unfair. There was one thing that irked him, Ross admitted, and that was that the prosecutor when summing up for sentencing had made him "sound like a criminal." Ross still could not believe that he had committed a crime.

Few fraggers feel remorse for their acts. In a VA hospital on the West Coast, there is an amputee who succeeded in killing his first sergeant without getting caught. He shot his sergeant one day during a firefight because he felt that the sergeant's inability to read a map was getting good men in the unit killed. To this day, he, like Ross, feels no shame. Both Ross's and the amputee's detachment is frighteningly similar to that of Perry Smith, one of the murderers in Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*. Toward the end of the book, Capote recounts how Smith tried to describe his feelings about his having murdered the Clutters:

"I'm human enough to feel sorry for myself. Sorry that I can't walk out of here when you walk out. But that's all." Cullivan could scarcely credit so detached an attitude; Perry was confused, mistaken, it was not possible for any man to be that devoid of conscience or compassion. Perry said, "Why, soldiers don't lose sleep. They murder and they get medals for doing it. The good people of Kansas want to murder me—and some hangman will be glad to get the work. Just remember, I only knew the Clutters maybe an hour. If I'd really known them, I guess I'd feel different. I don't think I could live with myself. But the way it was, it was like picking off targets in a shooting gallery."

Although psychological terrorism was not prominent in either the fragging of Burke or the fragging by Ross, often it is used to intimidate the intended victim. First there will be a note, then perhaps a rock, then the NCO or officer might find a dud grenade on his bed. If by this time he has not shaped up he may find himself fragged.

The Army helps foster this climate of intimidation. Officers at Camp Eagle go through what is termed a SERTS (Screaming Eagle Replacement Training) briefing. There among other basic information the officer hears bits and pieces about fragging, drug use, and racial tension. By the time he sees the sullen, unmilitary faces of the men in his unit he may already be intimidated.

The new officer is prepared to be intimidated partly because in OCS and up to the time he joins a unit he has only scant contact with enlisted men. In OCS he is pitted against tests and other officers, but almost never does he see the men who are going to be required to entrust their lives to him. Enlisted men, resentful of the officer's privileges and demands for respect, look for signs of phoniness, weakness, self-consciousness, and ambition when they first see an officer—qualities that may cost them their lives or make living unendurable. If the officer passes this confrontation, his higher status is tolerated. If not, the enlisted men will make his life miserable. However, enlisted men have always been able to make life miserable for officers. Why they should now resort to murder and violence is again the mystery of fragging.

As is evident from the fragging cases of Burke and Ross, tributary to this intra-Army violence is the procedural, disciplinary, and morale breakdown of the Army. However, the key to the violence is the severe cultural divisions that exist in the Army and that are related to and expressed by differing attitudes toward the war.

Many of the NCOs and officers who get fragged are "still enjoying the war." The hardnosed officer and career NCO believe in discipline, often enjoy combat if only as a game, drink beer and whisky, and distrust the alienated and unmotivated crop of draftees that are sent over to Vietnam to fight. Conversely, the grunts and rear-echelon draftees often feel that they are helpless, that they have no avenue of redress of grievances, that the structure of the Army is stacked against them, and that they were railroaded into Vietnam at a time when we have admitted it is a horrible mistake and are pulling out. This dichotomy was well illustrated when I visited the 11th Brigade (Calley's outfit) of the "Americal" at firebase Colt 45. An information officer had told me that fraggings were not a problem in this unit and that morale was high. At the base, I heard about one company commander, a captain, who had been injured when he fell on a punji stick. A couple of his superiors remarked that he was a good, aggressive officer who would be sorely missed. I then spoke to several men in his unit. The medic said, "I don't think there was a single man in this unit who wasn't thrilled when he fell on that stick. He was constantly putting his men in danger, and he just lacked common sense. That punji stick just cut short the talk of fragging him." His remarks were seconded by assenting nods from other men in the group.

Landeen asserts that in World War II the NCO served the function of absorbing resentment and siphoning off frustrations before they reached a critical level. The NCO was there to talk to nervous and troubled men in his unit and often to mediate between the hard demands of officers and the practicality of the situation. Because of distrust of the drug-using, anti-authoritarian draftee, contends Landeen, the current career NCO often retreats from contact with his men and consorts only with others of his breed. This means a critical tension-lessening relationship has broken down.

Landeen claims that the feelings of helplessness and paranoia felt by the

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grunts, most of whom don't want to be in Vietnam, are aggravated by the Army's "passive-aggressive" posture with regard to this anti-authoritarian group. Often NCOs, officers, and the Army will ignore drug use, resentment, and insubordination until they affect the men's work. By ignoring such problems, however, they are not accepting them, because they later will come down hard on the sloppy work that results. Landeen argues that, by being passive when first confronted with recalcitrant or drug-using soldiers but then later getting angry, the Army is actually being aggressive; it is being aggressive by being passive. Relatively minor or insignificant transgressions will be glossed over by the NCO until they accumulate to the point where he explodes. Such explosions further advance the GI's feeling that Army discipline is arbitrary and directed against him by a conspiracy of lifers (career NCOs and officers).

Landeen further feels that the work done in rear units seems "purposeless" to many of the men. This too builds resentments. Some officers mistakenly believe that keeping men busy polishing their boots and fixing bunks will keep them off drugs. Others enforce petty regulations because that is what they feel discipline is all about. To the grunt just returned from patrols in the field, receiving an order to shine his shoes from a smooth-faced officer fresh from the States has become simply unacceptable. For the soldier who has suffered the boredom of the rear all along, an officer who says, "I'm going to shape up this outfit" often provides a focus for all the undirected frustrations of being in Vietnam.

The Army today is composed of a different group of people than was the Army of World War II. Captain Steinberg feels that in World War II the draft equitably conscripted a fair cross-section of Americans but that as America came to place more emphasis on higher education it became conversely easier for the college-educated to avoid military service as common soldiers. Steinberg feels that the presence of men from all economic and educational classes at platoon level was stabilizing because there would be soldiers in the platoon who would talk out frustrations and argue against quixotic violence. Now, as Ross said, there is nobody to say, "Don't do it." Today the average platoon draws from people who, as Landeen describes them, "come from lower socio-economic groups and tend to act out frustrations by taking drugs, getting in fights, fragging—rather than talking as would their more affluent, educated peers." It is a group that prefers actions to words, and if they want to act, the Army teaches them that one act that solves problems is killing.

We have come full circle: The Army that had once ignored political opposition in its zeal to fight a war now pays the price of its earlier arrogance by seeing that opposition expressed in bloody confrontations within its own ranks. The frustrations that spawn fraggings have to do with the collision of a people who don't accept our mission in Vietnam and those who do. We are still killing people in Vietnam; yet there are no convincing arguments to continue doing so. If you can kill Vietnamese without convincing arguments, you can kill officers without them too, because to the battle-weary grunt the gung-ho, nit-picking officer is as inhuman and remote as the gook.

As our presence in Vietnam becomes increasingly absurd when weighed against our stated goals and intentions, so too do actions once considered absurd come to seem more normal. First the soldier takes out his frustrations on the enemy, then his superiors, then anyone. The gap between what we say we are doing and what we are doing constitutes the absurdity of the war. All reference points for determining morality, honor, and valor have been ripped from their founda-

(Continued on page 55)

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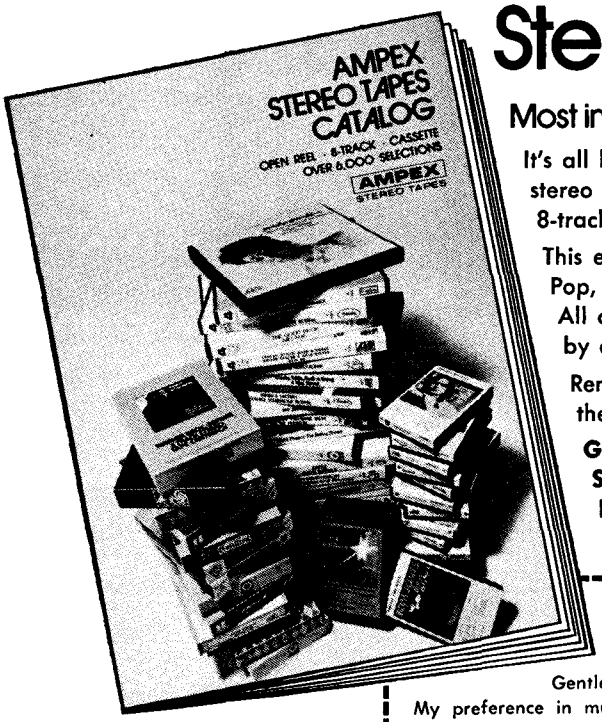

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

This week, in honor of the New Year, we have not one but two Headlines of the Week for you. Our first was spotted by Bill Harger of Denver in the *Rocky Mountain News*:

DEM CHIEFTAIN
URGES NIXON TO
SCUTTLE BUTZ

Scuttle, evidently, Butz successfully rebuttaled. In any case, our second Headline of the Week was located by W. R. C. Sedenhelm in the "Food Section" of the Los Angeles *Times*:

FANCY TARTS MAKE
ENTERTAINING EASY

Can be inclined, though, to break up the party early.

Finally, Florence Berryman sent us the Washington *Evening Star*'s report of a concert and dinner headed by Wall Street's Bernard Lasker:

> Lasker is a tall, good-looking bear of a man and a big GOP contributor. He also has another angle going for him publicitywise these days. He is the constant escort and love of diva Maria Callas. When asked Saturday if marriage is in the offing, Lasker was definite, "Never in 50,000 years. Did you know her furs were stolen last week?"

Ask a dumb question, we always say. . . .

Rod McKuen is the country's No. 1 one-man communications empire. Start with his composing and his singing. He has sold more 100 million records and as a company, let alone an individual, ranks second only to Columbia Records. Next we move on to his poetry and his publishing. He has sold more than seven million books of verse—in hardcover, mind you, because he has never been in paperback. He represents, in fact, a substantial part of *all* books sold by Random House. Finally, be careful about what you read about him. Almost all of it is secondhand—in all of this past year, he told us, he gave only two personal interviews.

One thing was certain. From the moment when Mr. McKuen sneakered to the door of his thirty-room Beverly Hills home and ushered us in, to the moment when we left, we found him a curious, wistful, extremely likable combination of earnestness and easy-goingness—most of the time as friendly as one of his five Olde English sheepdogs and only occasionally as elusive as one of his seven cats—all, typically, from the local pound.

His latest books, we noted, either under the imprint of Cheval Stanyan (his labels) or Random, include *Fields of Wonder, Beyond the Boardwalk*, the *Rod McKuen Calendar and Datebook*, and *Carols of Christmas*.

"As a pacifist," Mr. McKuen told us, "I make Joan Baez look like Jack the Ripper. I couldn't kill *anyone*. And I feel very deeply—very, very deeply—about what man does to his fellow animals."

Mr. McKuen was born in a Salvation Army hospital. His father deserted his mother, and she supported Rod and his half-brother by working as a waitress, barmaid, and dance hall hostess. He himself was working eighteen hours a day at the age of eleven. He now has a son eleven, who lives in France with the boy's mother. How long, we asked him, were you married?

"I wasn't," he replied. "I'm fond of her, but marriage would never work, and I don't believe people should do it out of a false feeling for the child. From the beginning I told my son that his mother and I were not married.

"When I was little," he continued, "I used to make up all sorts of stories about my father. Even now, when I'm in different towns, I look in telephone directories—for someone who spells his name like me. I really don't know why except I just want to say, 'Hi, Dad, it's okay about me, it was no big deal.'"

Have men turned up, we asked, claiming to be your father? "Yes," he said, "a couple of times." He paused. "And there were a couple of pretty cruel tricks played, too."

Mr. McKuen's early jobs consisted of ditchdigger, logger, ranch hand, rodeo worker, cookie puncher, shoe salesman, and rod man on a surveying gang. "I did all sorts of things I couldn't do today. I couldn't work for a rodeo for example, because it's cruel. And I couldn't be a logger and cut down trees—at least not the way we did it."

Today Mr. McKuen, who does not have either an agent or a manager, still works eighteen hours a day. "Sometimes it's on poetry," he explains, "sometimes I compose. I owe everything to the people who told me it was impossible. People said you couldn't be a popular singer and write symphonies too. They also said you couldn't write symphonies and score films. They said you couldn't sell your own records." He smiled gently. "I owe a lot to those people.

"I took my first book of poetry to seven publishers. All seven of them said they liked it but it wouldn't sell. I sold 65,000 copies from my basement. For *Listen to the Warm* I got a $750 advance from Random House. It has sold two million copies."

Some time ago Mr. McKuen had an idea for a series of gift books. Now, co-publishing with Random House, he does fifty of these a year and even the publishers don't know how many of these are written by him but signed with other names.

Mr. McKuen has little belief in best-seller lists. When *The Confessions of Nat Turner* was No. 1 on the list, selling between 1,000 and 1,500 copies a week, his *Listen to the Warm* was selling 3,000 to 7,000 a week. Nor has he any great faith in reviewers. "When I started getting bad reviews for my poetry," he told us, "I decided I'd give the critics what they wanted. I did a book of sonnets with another publisher under a pseudonym. It got great reviews but had lousy sales. So I did another. It got literally rave reviews. Then I did a third. This one really hit the top. 'After the pap of Rod McKuen,' one guy said, 'it is refreshing to come across the brilliant poetry of. . . .'

"Just as screwy as that," he continued, "was one time when I did a jacket and a press release on a book I called *I Began by Loving Nobody*. Not one word was ever written, but I got a bad review in *Publisher's Weekly* and a rave review in *Coronet*." He smiled. "After that I thought, why do it? It's already been reviewed."

As we said goodbye, we asked Mr. McKuen what he considered himself first—singer, composer, or poet. "I don't know," he said. "That's what I've always fought—being pigeonholed." He paused. "And that," he said, "is what I like best about the kids today—they don't want to be pigeonholed, either."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1969)

OGDEN NASH:
GOOD RIDDANCE, BUT (NOW WHAT)

Come children, gather round my knee;
Something is about to be.

Tonight's December thirty-first,
Something is about to burst.

The clock is crouching, dark and small
Like a time bomb in the hall.

Hark, it's midnight, children dear.
Duck! Here comes another year!

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Lovely Ladies

The holiday season is always a time of stress and strain for the film reviewer. New films come at him in a rush, for distributors are convinced that between December 20 and January 3 the movie audience comes out in fullest force. So it is that the publicity trumpets blare on behalf of the "big ones"—*Nicholas and Alexandra, The Boy Friend* (not to be confused with *Such Good Friends*), *Mary, Queen of Scots*, Roman Polanski's *Macbeth* (which bears certain resemblances to Shakespeare's), *Diamonds Are Forever* (Connery is back as Bond!), *Sometimes a Great Notion, The Hospital.* For him or her who tries to assess them all, they have a way of blending into one another. However, some have stuck with me; not only do I remember them; they recur and they reverberate.

One of these is *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*, a film of mellow beauty, a kind of pavan, an evocation of the past that finds the Italian master Vittorio De Sica once more in full possession of his powers. The film has been delayed a year in reaching us and has had its vicissitudes. For instance, Giorgio Bassani, author of the novel on which the film is based, participated in the writing of the screenplay but then disavowed his effort, presumably out of dissatisfaction with De Sica's final version. Don Rugoff, the American distributor, was fearful that the title would frighten patrons away from the box office but was finally persuaded to keep it. He offered the film for showing at the recent New York Film Festival, but the selection committee refused it.

It may well be the loveliest film of the year, though sad it is indeed, for it tells the story of two Jewish Italian families at that period in history when Mussolini made his odious rapprochement with Hitler. One of the families, the Finzi-Continis, is aristocratic, very rich, and dwells in remote, walled splendor in Ferrara. Their garden is a place of leisurely pleasure, large enough for a tennis court and bicycling paths, and there the young people, the Finzi-Continis and their friends from the town, play and flirt and ignore the ominous events of the world outside. The other family is bourgeois. Its young scion, Giorgio, is a bookish chap, sensitive and disapproving of the *Fascisti* and of his Communist friend, Malnate, who, like Giorgio, is in love with Micol, the beautiful daughter of the Finzi-Continis.

Quietly, the story takes on richness. Micol is played by the intriguing Dominique Sanda, as exquisite a new film face as has come along in years, and it is she who mirrors the frightful change in the fortunes of her family. There is a hint of incestuous love (but only a hint) between Micol and her invalid brother; of homosexuality, too, for the brother seems strongly attached to the virile Malnate. It is young Giorgio's view of it all that we are allowed to see, for, at the end, only he is relatively safe at school in France. The Finzi-Continis, meanwhile, have been rounded up with thousands of other Jews, and a time has ended. So delicately is it done, so carefully etched are the characters, that we remember them not as actors but as people, prisoners of caste and conditions and the evil times.

To emerge from that autumnal garden into the almost raucous present-day world of John Cassavetes makes for something of a jar. But Cassavetes, too, is concerned with people and their humanness, and with *Minnie and Moskowitz* he is in a relatively rollicking mood. Cassavetes is an original, stubbornly bent on making films his own way. His *Faces* and *Husbands* were harsh explorations of middle-class desperation. Here, he goes down the social scale a notch and finds Seymour Moskowitz (Seymour Cassel), a cheerful failure who enjoys parking cars in Los Angeles, and Minnie Moore (Gena Rowlands), a pretty young woman of no particular attainments who has had a dreary affair with a married man and who hopes someday to find her dream man. Could it be Moskowitz?

The outlook and outcome seem hopeless. But Cassavetes is telling the story of how an unlikely pair falls in love and gets married. It happens in four days, and, by God, they make it. What happens along the way is funny and pathetic, and it is Miss Rowlands who creates out of unpromising material a living, understandable human being. By the end of the film you have the distinct feeling you know and have always known Minnie and Seymour, and you wish them happiness. *Minnie and Moskowitz* is the best made (technically speaking) of the Cassavetes films; it is also the warmest. I found Mr. Cassel a bit strident at times, but crazily likable. As for Gena Rowlands, a beauty as well as a fine actress, she should be right up there come awards time.

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"...I Am Not Free"

Editor's Note: Henceforth SR's *editorial page will periodically be turned over to representatives of various schools of thought in order to present the widest possible spectrum of opinion. The following guest editorial is by Arthur I. Waskow, resident fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies, a center devoted to re-examination of our society, and author of* The Bush Is Burning!, *a study of radical Judaism.*

Forget about reform; it's time to talk about abolishing jails and prisons in American society.

The killing of George Jackson and the massacre at Attica have turned a real but hesitant concern about prisons into a sizable movement.

To veterans of the antiwar drive, the past year in regard to prisons rather resembles the fall of 1964 and the winter of 1965 in regard to Vietnam. George Jackson's death and the muddled mystery that surrounds it recall the lie of Tonkin Gulf; Attica, the massive February 1965 bombings of North Vietnam. Just as those events of 1964-65 turned a scattered half-community of liberals and radicals who were worried over U.S. troops in Vietnam into the wave of Vietnam teach-ins and a strong antiwar movement, so San Quentin-Attica have made the prison issue live.

The analogy runs deeper. Prisons in America in 1971 have become the bloodiest, most intense, most revolting version of the worst aspects of American society at home, just as Vietnam had, even by the mid-1960s, become the worst case of American arrogance abroad. Racism? Prisons such as Attica exhibit the most naked and degrading subjection of the black and Puerto Rican communities to white power. Exploitation? The labor of prisoners is paid for in pennies, less even than migrant farm workers or Southern cotton pickers make. Dehumanization? Try solitary—or even just separation from friends and family.

The politicization of long-time prisoners—the poor—now intersects with the "prisonization" of the middle class through the law's response to drugs, protest, and youth life-styles. So it becomes politically imaginable to build a broad antiprison movement.

Still—abolition? Where do you put the prisoners? The "criminals"? What's the alternative?

First, having *no alternative at all* would create less crime than the present criminal training centers do.

Second, the only full alternative is building the kind of society that does not need prisons: A decent redistribution of power and income so as to put out the hidden fire of burning envy that now flames up in crimes of property—both burglary by the poor and embezzlement by the affluent. And a decent sense of community that can support, reintegrate, and truly rehabilitate those who suddenly become filled with fury or despair, and that can face them not as objects—"criminals"—but as people who have committed illegal acts, as have almost all of us.

But both alternatives are a long way off. So, third: Let's think our way through to alternatives while we start demanding that the prisons end. Colonies of convicts, as in early Australia, that are separated but allowed to govern themselves and bring volunteers to join them? Maybe. Parole in the custody of neighbors? Maybe. The creation of convict-and-community-controlled houses where psychiatric help is available, not imposed, and a human eccentricity of life-style is permitted, not repressed? Maybe.

In creating such alternatives, we should keep two vital points in mind. One is understanding what the minimum legitimate demand of society is, in regard to the physical restraint of "criminals." The other is keeping the focus on abolition. Each alternative should be as much a nonprison as is possible, given the need to meet the minimum legitimate social demands.

Hypothesis: One minimum legitimate social demand is that persons whose past behavior has been and whose future behavior seems likely to be physically dangerous to other human beings should be physically separated from human beings who do not voluntarily and knowingly choose to take their chances. Such separation does not require either additional punishment or "rehabilitation." It does not require that people who want to be with a prisoner be kept away, nor that a prisoner's whole style of life be controlled, nor that prisoners be deprived of self-government. All these deprivations are useful only if the goal is punishment or enforced rehabilitation. It is these deprivations that enormously increase the level of coercion required and that lead to the abominable conditions in most prisons. It is these deprivations also that reduce the prisoner to a sheer "criminal," with a high likelihood of recidivism.

Suppose we assumed that a life that was as free as possible and as much involved in the web of normal human contacts as possible would be most likely to "rehabilitate" the most violent prisoner—not the reverse. Imagine, for instance, a fenced-off town (or farm) where the gates are closed in one direction only: closed to exit by the initial residents—those who have been convicted of a violent crime—but open to entrance by *all* visitors or joiners invited by those residents. The town is otherwise self-governing, with full political and religious freedom and with liberty to choose its life-style. Its residents perform work and are paid normal wages for their work. They exchange their goods and services with the outside world and with each other. They have their visual, sexual, and emotional relations with whoever among their families, friends, and coworkers want to visit them or to move in with them. The press, lawyers, doctors—indeed, the general public—are free to visit whenever and however they like, if the residents invite them, so that the town does not become isolated like a Siberian labor camp. Es-

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cape is prevented at the borders, not by intense surveillance and policing inside.

Hypothesis: One minimum legitimate demand of a society structured as ours is is that crimes against property, based on envy, not be repeated. But this does not at all require physical restraint (that is, a "prison").

Imagine instead the following choices made available to burglars, embezzlers, shoplifters, vandals, tax-evaders, even corporation executives who have given orders that resulted in poisoning the air and water with cancer-producing agents: Choose living in a self-governing kibbutz-like community where all participants have equal work and income; *or* returning to your old home and workplace under careful supervision not of your whole life but only of the particular role you used in order to commit your crime—a supervision conducted not by parole agents but by your coworkers and neighbors; *or* paying a fine that is a greatly graduated income tax.

As for immediate demands: The only reforms that matter are those that make a prison not a prison. Collective bargaining by prisoners. Prisoner participation in governing the prisons. The extension to prisoners of all normal citizen rights of speech and assembly, fair trial instead of "discretionary" punishment, and freedom of religion.

How should such a campaign start? Teach-ins on what prisons are now like. The creation of experimental alternatives—and demands for the release of prisoners into them. Discussions with prison guards, who are the "lifers" of this "war" and who ought not to be automatically treated as enemies of abolition or of decency. Legal campaigns based on a belief that all prisons are now cruel and unusual punishment. The "adoption" of a nearby jail or prison by a particular campus or community group so that together they can use all these approaches in miniature.

Most urgent of all, a vigorous nationwide campaign for totally open visitation by friends, family, press, clergy, physicians, or anybody else whom the prisoners individually or collectively invite. Such a policy would both force change and itself *be* changed. It would both subject to public outrage the desperate mistreatment suffered by thousands of prisoners and restore the web of human contacts that prisoners are now deprived of.

It is not those who are already in prison who will be the only beneficiaries of such efforts. Eugene Debs said it clearly: "So long as there's a soul in prison, I am not free." That was no empty rhetoric. The prisons frighten and control us all: Let's end them.

Arthur I. Waskow

Letters to the Editor

On the IRC

Many articles about the International Rescue Committee have been written during the thirty years that I have served as chairman of this fine organization, but none has been equal in terms of quality and readability to Rochelle Girson's "Friend to the Displaced" [*SR*, Dec. 4].

This is not an easy subject to cover, but Miss Girson managed to combine painstaking research with a rare talent for selecting the important facts and to produce a remarkable piece of writing. Although my objectivity might well be questioned because of my long, personal involvement with the IRC, I want to say that the scores of calls and letters I have received all bear out my judgment.

Leo Cherne,
New York, N.Y.

Could *SR* please supply an address to which one might send a contribution to the International Rescue Committee?

E. K. Johnston,
Brockville, Ontario

Editor's Note: In response to this and a number of similar requests, herewith the address of the IRC: International Rescue Committee, 386 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016, Attention: Mary Macmillan.

DeBakey Rejoinder

Dr. Joseph Stokes III, in a letter to the editor [*SR*, Dec. 11] charged us, in our article "Medical Research Is Hurting" [*SR*, Oct. 16], with "repeating some of the same clichés that echoed in the halls of Congress . . ." and then proceeded to issue a few of his own: e.g., overselling the payoff of medical research," "laissez-faire growth of biomedical science," "an integrated system of comprehensive health care," "too much money . . . being pumped into an archaic system of medical care," and "a thorough overhaul of the system." In addition, Dr. Stokes made a value judgment about medical research with which many would strongly disagree. Finally, we cannot believe that Dr. Stokes read our article thoroughly, since central to its thesis was the absolute interdependence of medical research, education, and patient care, a point his final statement would indicate he completely missed.

Michael E. DeBakey, M.D.
and Lois DeBakey, Ph.D.,
Baylor College of Medicine,
Houston, Tex.

Integrity on the Tube

Robert Lewis Shayon raises an interesting question with his cries of "censorship" and the danger of "inhibiting" public television's producer-journalists in "The Great Scissors Debate" [TV-RADIO, Dec. 4]. He knows, of course, that A. M. Rosenthal, managing editor of *The New York Times*, said of *The Great American Dream Machine* FBI segment: "In my opinion this is a most inadequate piece of journalism . . . without being too rough about it, I question whether it's journalism at all." If it inhibits public broadcasting's producer-journalists to be required to make a responsible try at truth-telling, then perhaps some inhibiting is in order.

It is our conviction that public broadcasting has a positive obligation to deal with subject matter of a controversial nature *but* that it must try to present a balanced and fair treatment of that subject. Hard to do? Right.

The question then arises: Who is to judge balance and fairness? We have set up what we believe to be reasonable procedures. The "go—no go" decision was unanimously approved by the Public Broadcasting Service board (except for Mr. Day of NET) including a public member and by the Managers' Council, including representatives of "the larger urban stations."

The "go—no go" policy doesn't keep WNET as a licensee from airing anything it chooses to risk its license over. But the system has to make some decisions as to what it shall distribute over its one line. Because we haven't been adequately funded, we can't provide the choice, the alternative programing, which, as Mr. Shayon correctly points out, the Public Television Act envisages and which would enable the stations to make their own choices. In fact, most stations now can't even tape for delay whatever comes down the line, and they certainly could not have cut seven minutes out of a program they never had seen. That would have been the case with the final version of the FBI segment, although it was clearly months in preparation.

If Shayon wants to leave it up to the producer-journalists to say whatever they choose no matter how false or irresponsible, then he must confront another question: Who decides on the employment of producer-journalists? Mr. Rosenthal made it clear that he wouldn't hire the one who produced the FBI segment. Would that make him guilty of prior censorship? Blacklisting?

As Shayon knows, our system is thoroughly decentralized. PBS doesn't hire producers and doesn't want to. We believe the procedures we're developing are logical, fair, and in the public interest.

We welcome the scrutiny of concerned citizen groups. In fact, we are hoping (if we receive membership approval) to increase the number of "public members" on the PBS board. We have nothing to hide—in court or out. We simply believe that if we're going to spend public funds on journalism, the public deserves responsible journalism. We plan to keep on trying to provide just that.

R. F. Schenkkan,
Austin, Tex.

(The writer is president and general manager of Austin's KLRN-TV and a member of the Public Broadcasting Service board.)

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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

A City Under Capricorn

I concede it might have proved as unlikely a combination as, say, Abbie Hoffman and Herbert Hoover, but if there were two people I might have had along on the long flight from New York to Australia, I would have chosen Capt. James Cook and Senator William Proxmire. One can scarcely drone on, hour after hour, albeit at a 600-mph clip, without wondering what fortitude, what patience, what sense of self-possession, what boundless faith in his own command had been Cook's as he drove his ship to that continent deep below Asia, more than 10,000 crow-flying miles from London.

As for Proxmire, who was so passionate a leader in the near hysterical charge to kill the SST, I would have liked to have had him there on those successive legs—five hours to California, five more to Honolulu, then seven more as the big Pan Am slipped through the night to Fiji, and yet another five down to Sydney. It was like four transatlantic flights to Europe strung end to end, and I fancied at the finish, when I finally oozed between the sheets in my hotel, whether Proxmire —had he been along—would have had the gall to dismiss supersonic travel, as he did on the floor of the Senate, as a play toy of the jet set.

Australia, more than any other place on the globe, will have to wait for the coming of the Concorde, scheduled for 1974, before it will really be discovered by the mass of travelers. It remains one full jet-flying day away from East-Coast America, and anyone who tries the trip in one gulp will spend the next week disentangling himself from the cobwebs of jet lag.

They like to say down there that modern Australia owes its beginnings to the American Revolution, for, while it's true that Cook had arrived and laid claim to its east coast in 1770, England worked up little enthusiasm for the new land until it lost the American colonies. Only then did the Empire have to look for another place to deposit those who had run afoul of the British law. The first fleet of eleven ships with about 1,500 passengers, half of them convicts, sailed into Botany Bay in the spring of 1787. And that inglorious beginning was the start of modern Australia.

Those who like to stroll in the dream gardens of history have found some fancy in the fact that six days after the first British contingent arrived, a French fleet under Count Lapérouse sailed into Botany Bay. From then on it was the continuing threat of French intervention that pushed the British to strengthen their hold by dispatching a second colony to Van Diemens Land, the island south of Melbourne that is now called Tasmania.

Beyond that skeletal outline of the European colonization of Australia—the only continent occupied by a single nation—there is the romance of the aborigines and that vast territory in which they roamed so freely. The abos occupied a land that is 2,500 miles from east coast to west, 2,000 miles from north coast to south, almost the same size as the continental U.S.A., and half again as large as Europe if you don't count the U.S.S.R.

There is no more poignant way of understanding their plight nor, for that matter, a more affecting orientation course on Australia than to sit in on a screening of the recent film *Walkabout*. For here, threaded between the tale of two English youngsters set adrift in the trackless Outback, is the face-off between the untethered abo living off the land, taming it to his needs but not taking more than he requires, not wantonly despoiling it, and the civilized European butchering it, hunting for sport, leaving the rusted waste of his pumped-out mining operations like strewn garbage. The moralistic statement is pretty strong and perhaps as subtle as a brick on the foot, but *Walkabout* has something to say about our relative cultures, the primitive and the civilized, and it has plenty to show in the magnificence of the land and the odd creatures, from wallabies to wombats, that live there.

All this came again and again to mind, like the tongue returns to a sore tooth, as I drifted across the blue Pacific toward Australia. It was late fall in New York, which made it late spring in Sydney when I arrived in town, a brilliant, sunny Sunday. The airport was new, the customs moved easily, and the ride to the city took a scant half an hour. In the ten years since I was last there, Sydney seems to have exploded into a great, modern metropolis. I remembered it as I remember Toronto when it was old and seedy, and now Sydney seems to have taken on the freshness I recall when I first laid an eye on San Francisco and Vancouver. With a population of 2,713,000, Sydney is far bigger than either, and it ripples with the muscle of Chicago or midtown New York.

On the other hand, as a city, it works. There are taxis at the door of the hotel, and the driver is polite and the meter doesn't tick like some superenergized heartbeat. "I gave a driver a nickel tip," a friend of mine said to me after a day in town, "and he smiled and said thank you." Three times in promenades about the streets we were stopped by Sydneysiders with sallies that went, "You are obviously a foreigner, and you seem lost. May I direct you?" Simple as they were, these were startling street encounters for one who comes from an urban center where the opening remark from a stranger would more likely have been, "Gimme a quarter or I'll bop your skull."

Sydney is a city at the ocean's edge. The great white parabolic concrete sails of the Opera House, still a-building after fifteen years, sit on a thumb of land jabbed into the belly of the harbor. Ships round its cape, and so do the hydrofoils that are used to ferry commuters, and so does the great 135-foot barkentine *Endeavour,* which sails on regular half-day and full-day cruises, square canvas billowing. It is a city in which the beach is less than a half hour's taxi ride from a midtown hotel.

It has grown some acceptable hotels in the years since I last was there and shows some striking evidence of dynamic urban thrust. The Wentworth, where I put up, is a seventeen-story tower in the American style—bustling coffee shop on the lowest deck, television and icebox in each room, ballrooms and convention halls, and air conditioning. It manages some Continental touches, too: a concierge, for example. And some fiscal niceties: The underground car park takes guests' cars free; a single room costs $20. The garden restaurant on the fifth floor, a glass crescent facing a greening terrace, is The Wentworth's enclave of elegance. On the night I dined there, the menu was easily within the boundaries of international hotel cuisine, which I hasten to say is not a knock, and the service rendered me by a Chinese waiter was faultless by any standard. The Menzies, a few blocks away, on the several visits I paid it during my sojourn in town, seemed altogether as agreeable, but then I speak only for the public rooms, which I thought both handsome and diverse.

Being somewhat yawny about the twirling tower restaurants that proliferated all over the world after the Seattle Space Needle went up, I confess to have been dazzled by The Summit on the forty-seventh floor of Australia Square Tower. It is, for one thing, the largest revolving restaurant in the world, carrying 330 customers in a full circle high above Sydney every one-and-three-quarters hours. It was a brilliant, cloudless, sunshiny day when I ascended to The Summit, and all of Sydney, stretched out some 544

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feet below us, was playing to a full house. The hydrofoils were scratching white chalk marks on the blue of the harbor. Spinnakers ballooned from the fleet of sailboats frolicking in the bay on this workday afternoon, and one could look beyond to the headlands and then to the outer sea, whence Cook had come only two hundred years ago. I'm not sure whether this marvelous eagle's vista was lost on the party of Japanese that occupied a windowside position, but they seemed to come animatedly to life only at the Harbour Bridge view, reaching quickly for their cameras to snap away at this landmark, the largest arch bridge in the world, if that means anything, which has been there since 1932.

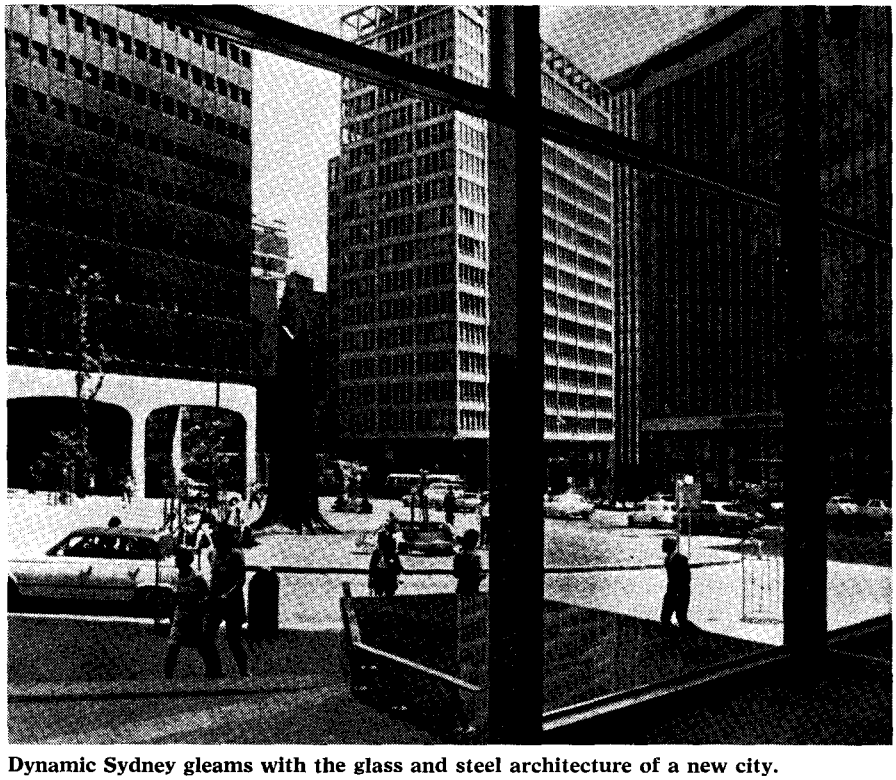
With that kind of sky show going on outside the glass screen, one could dine with considerable grace on fillets of South Australian black whiting; or a three-egg omelet with prawns, flamed in cognac; or oysters Tzarina, topped with caviar, egg, and sour cream-and-chives. Less pretentiously, one might also stroll the Skywalk, a fully enclosed aerie, peck at Skysnacks in a coffee shop, and browse for souvenirs in the lofty shopping circle.

The Sydney souvenir staples are stuffed koala bears (often covered with kangaroo fur), boomerangs—those artful devices perfected by aborigines—opals, and furs, especially white kangaroo. The Argyle Arts Centre, in an old warehouse built by convicts, has a large display of abo paintings, gem stones, New Guinea folk art, and all sorts of leather, silver, copper, and ceramic handicrafts. Bernhard Hammerman on King Street and in The Wentworth Hotel offers modishly styled Australian furs. A fitted white kangaroo with the skins sewn horizontally is about $300.

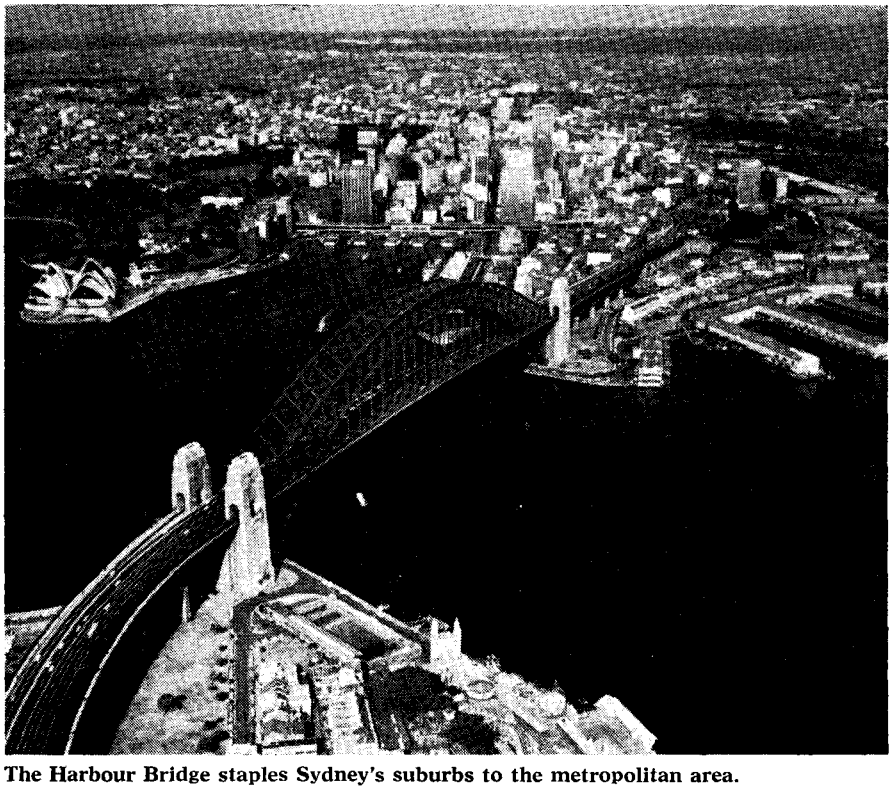
The tireless shopper ought to poke about Sydney's department stores. Lamb's-wool sweaters in all colors were piled up on a counter at Farmer's one day when I sauntered through, and they were selling for $5 Australian, which is to say, about $5.60 U.S. I paid $9.99 Australian for a pair of brown suede shoes in the style so popular in London, although the saleslady told me candidly, and in strong Sydney accents, that they were not "ryle swyde" but were more likely agitated pigskin.

While easily identifiable, like a born New Yorker, a ryle Australian is becoming harder to find in Sydney. The immigration programs and the chance of launching a new life in a new country are attracting all sorts of foreigners, including some 6,000 Americans. Besides the Chinese waiter at The Wentworth, who had immigrated despite the color ban, there were the waitress at The Summit who was English, the busboy who was Swiss. The waitress at the airport coffee shop was Yugoslavian. The girl who fetched me a porterhouse (for $2.60) at The Red Coach was from Malta. A cab driver who picked me up one evening at Double Bay had come from Hungary in the troubled Fifties.

But all these are Australians now, looking for a chance to make it anew in a fresh time, in a new place that is free of the Old World agonies and not yet troubled by the New World's anxieties. For these young citizens it is a new New World, and the only ones to suffer from the building of the nation will be the aborigines, whose once boundless shores have begun to close in as the European civilization expands. But there is, for a time, still room on the same continent for a spear-carrying primitive who dines on leg of kangaroo and for a revolving restaurant forty-seven stories above the sidewalk where the Burgundian pheasant arrives under glass.



Dynamic Sydney gleams with the glass and steel architecture of a new city.



The Harbour Bridge staples Sydney's suburbs to the metropolitan area.

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Generation Gap

I talked to some college students about what was wrong with my college generation, and they nodded in agreement. No wonder we had turned out to be such squares, their nods seemed to say.

I went on to guess at some of the things that characterized the mood and thinking of their college generation. I did not suggest that those things were shortcomings. I was trying to describe some of the conditioning circumstances of their growing up. The nods stopped. Their hair was too long to let hackles rise, but their soul hair was up. They had shifted from agreement to resistance.

It wasn't cool, I was told, to fling generalizations (of exactly the sort they had accepted gravely when I had been talking about my own peers). I wasn't relating. I was, in fact, being hostile.

One champion rose among them—and remained standing—to let me know I wasn't getting the message. Unless I was able to learn as much from him as he could learn from me, he announced, I wasn't fit to be there as a teacher—if only as a visiting lecturer impersonating a teacher.

That, I decided, was an assertion I had to learn more about, even if it meant losing the original topic forever. Did he really mean what he said? Was it his habit to enter the classroom with the assumption that the professor would learn as much from him as he would learn from the professor?

It certainly was, he insisted, moving up to share the podium with me.

I made room, confessing, as I edged aside, to an unexamined notion (one therefore subject to revision) that a teacher was one who tried to communicate a body of knowledge to students who had not yet acquired it. In time the student might well surpass the teacher. In the classroom situation, however, a professor's qualification to teach is the fact that he knows more about his subject than the students do.

A teacher, I was informed, is not a data bank. He is there to communicate. To communicate, he must be in deep human contact with his students. To be in deep human contact with other people is to learn all that really matters.

Suppose, I asked, I were teaching something as discrete as the principle of physics that states that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction? Would I have to make a soul encounter of presenting such a principle and of illustrating various ways in which it works? Would it, in fact, be useful to seek a deep human contact in such a context?

My questions were brushed aside as matters of mere data.

I admitted that I could see no way to imagine physics without data—mere or otherwise—but I had to insist that the exposition of a principle and of the way it works in seemingly different circumstances was something more than a matter of data. Nor did I know how to personalize such things into a deep, solemn human relationship. I had, I told him, managed few such relationships in my life, treasured them, in part, for their rarity, and found them rare because they required a rapport not to be had for the asking. Nor could I imagine how to establish such a rapport with a classroomful of students. I had always assumed I entered the classroom to exchange, at a mutually respectful distance, some sort of respectful detachment from the ideas we were examining. It was, and is—as I have always assumed—equally important not to get our thumb smudges all over ideas but to remember that they existed before us, that they will exist after us, and that we are related to them only as imperfect vessels for their temporary conveyance.

I was made to understand that I had just defined myself as a square, that I had missed the whole revolutionary point of the new sensibility, and that I would never get with it until I let the natural power of my soul hang out.

I declined that invitation as a bit of ectoplasmic untidiness and wondered if we hadn't strayed from the point. What teacher—unless he is a death of the soul—could fail to learn *something* from his students? But "something" was not the point. He had said the teacher must learn *as much* from the student as the student learns from him. But if the two are learning equally from each other, they have no student-teacher relationship. They are colleagues.

That, I was told, was just the point. We are all colleagues in the universe, all beginners in the mystery of life.

Mystery, to be sure, may be what Edmund Burke asserted calamity to be—a mighty leveler. Nor had I any thought of resisting the idea that we are all equally souls and therefore, to some extent, lost and needy.

On certain subjects, however, I could list rather specifically the sort of thing a student might learn from me that I could not learn from him. On any number of other subjects, there are people from whom I could learn what they cannot learn from me. Were I to sign up for a course with such a person, my first impulse would certainly be to shut up and listen.

"Shut up and listen," I was told, was authoritarian and made me an intellectual hardhat.

Would he grant me no difference between an imposed authority and a self-imposed one? The self-imposition, I had to believe, was an act of intellectual discipline without which there could be little learning worth classroom time.

He would grant me nothing, he let me know, taking over all of the lectern and leaving me in the left middle distance that-a-way, a situation I resolved by stepping off the low podium and sitting down with the students. My way of thinking, he told me from his eminence, was chained to a dead past. It was the sort of intellect that had produced atom bombs, Vietnams, pollution, racial oppression, class systems, and hypocrisy, and that had made inevitable the coming revolution in which everyone will know the truth because everyone has it in his soul, if he will just let it out.

It would have been my day for revelation—except that I had heard it all before and wasn't really learning. I still had one question, and I raised my hand.

"As I said earlier, I could list some specific things you might learn from me if you cared to. Could you suggest what fairly specific things I might learn from you?" I asked.

"That," he said, "is exactly what a good teacher is supposed to find out."

He was right, after all. I was learning from him; and not only as much as he was learning from me, but more.

But then I had taken unfair advantage. I had been listening.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1486

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1486 will be found in the next issue.

LF LW OMWF FK TMNZ FCM GMNFCMT BKTMQNWFW OM-BKTM GM DTNP BKT TNLS.

—FGNLS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1485

Posterity! Why should people be less stupid tomorrow than they are today?

—RENARD

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Blood-Stained Pages Indicting the Soviet Man of Steel

by ROBERT C. TUCKER

LET HISTORY JUDGE:
The Origins and Consequences of Stalinism

by Roy A. Medvedev
translated from the Russian by Colleen Taylor
edited by David Joravsky and Georges Haupt

Knopf, 566 pp., $12.50

In his essay *Progress, Coexistence and Intellectual Freedom*, published in the West in 1968, the eminent Soviet nuclear physicist Andrei Sakharov revealed the existence in Russia of a thousand-page monograph by Roy Medvedev containing—as he put it—a profound analysis of the origin and development of Stalinism from a socialist, Marxist point of view. "Unfortunately," he went on, "it has not yet been published." This was Sakharov's way of saying that the work belonged to what Russians call *samizdat* ("self-publishing house")—that is, the clandestinely circulating typescript literature that cannot be published because the Soviet censorship did not or would not pass it for publication.

Here now is Medvedev's monograph in English translation, the pity being that it remains unpublished and unpublishable in the USSR. The study bears mention alongside such outstanding *samizdat* productions as Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's novels *The First Circle* and *The Cancer Ward*, and is probably the most important single historical work on Stalinism yet produced anywhere. To say this is not, of course, to agree with all its positions or to ignore its imperfections.

Useful information about the author appears in David Joravsky's editorial introduction. A postwar graduate of Leningrad University's philosophical faculty and now in his mid-forties, Roy Medvedev, who is the author of two learned treatises on vocational education, has been a history teacher, a high school principal, and more recently a research scholar in the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences in Moscow. He has also been a member of the Soviet Communist Party, from which he was expelled not long ago as a consequence of his vocal, uncompromising anti-Stalinism; and he remains a party man by conviction. He is, finally, the twin brother of the Soviet biochemist Zhores Medvedev, also a distinguished contributor to *samizdat*, who recently was a victim of the Soviet practice of subjecting certain dissident intellectuals to psychiatric confinement. The story of Zhores's short confinement and the successful campaign by the Soviet intelligentsia to secure his release has been told by the two brothers in *A Question of Madness* [*SR*, Nov. 20, 1971]. A formidable family these Medvedevs.

Roy Medvedev conceived the present work after the Soviet Twentieth Party Congress in 1956, at which Nikita Khrushchev made his now famous "secret report" exposing Stalin's tyrannical rule during and after the purges of the 1930s. He began writing the monograph in 1962 and completed it six years later. In his foreword Medvedev states that he had no access to Soviet official archives. He dismisses the "foreign bourgeois literature" on Stalin and Soviet history as of little value—a judgment that a foreign bourgeois contributor to it may be forgiven for viewing as unduly harsh. On the other hand, it is not clear how much of this literature Medvedev knows. He did draw on all possible Soviet pub-

ROBERT C. TUCKER, who is professor of politics at Princeton, directs the university's Russian Studies Program. He is the author of *The Soviet Political Mind: Stalinism and After*.

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36 **"Fictions and Events: Essays in Criticism and Literary History,"** by Warner Berthoff

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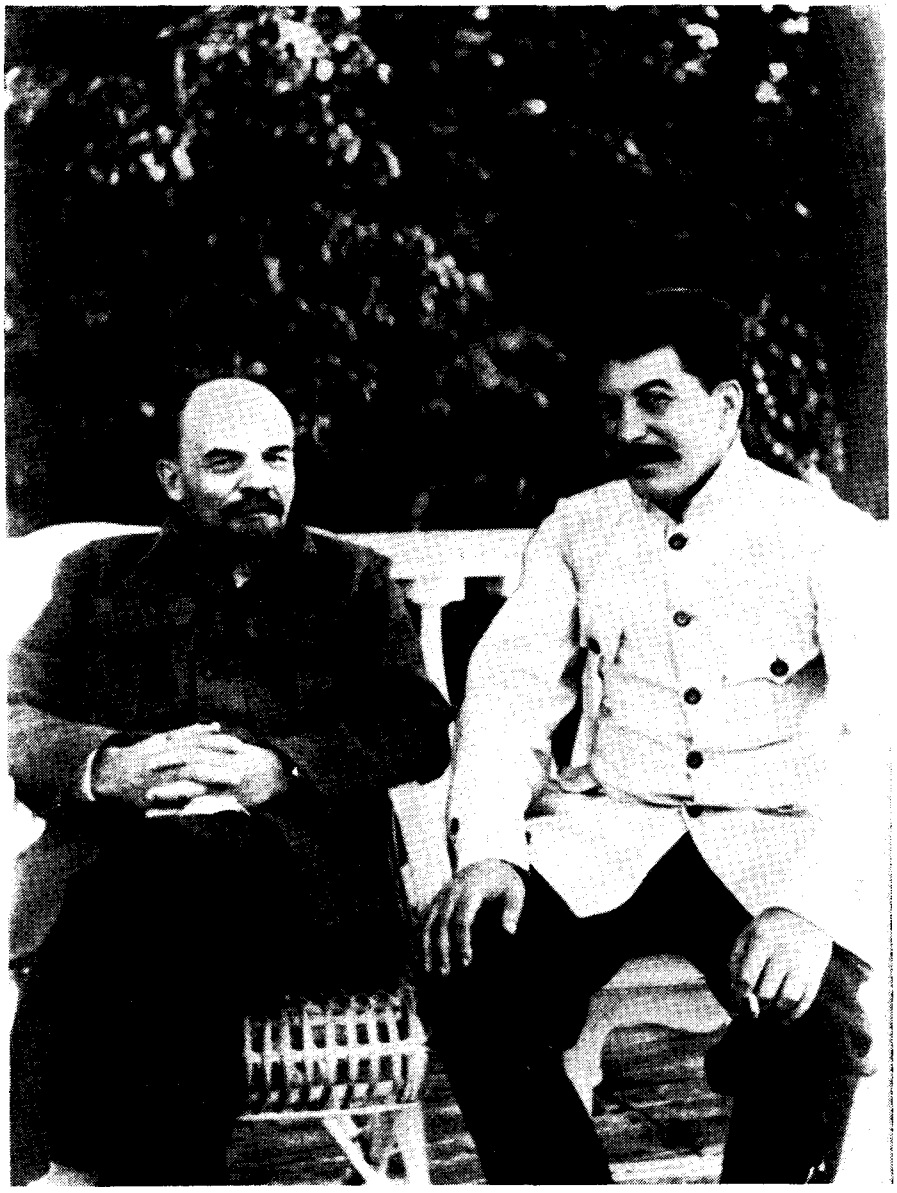
lished sources and, most important, sought out numerous surviving Old Bolsheviks, whose reminiscences of the Stalin period were either related to him orally or made available in unpublished documents and memoranda. *Samizdat* appears to include rich literature of Staliniana that is scarcely known in the West. Through Medvedev's book some of it reaches us now.

No earth-shaking revelations emerge, but the new historical material fleshes out more fully the picture of Stalin and his period that has begun to take shape in our scholarship. An account of the trials of accused "wreckers" at the start of the Thirties cites documentary evidence on the backstage methods of torture and pressure by which the defendants were induced to play their roles in these sham trials. A chapter on the Kirov assassination, which occurred at the end of 1934, makes still stronger the already very strong case for the allegation that Stalin was the instigator of this event, thereby ridding himself of a feared potential rival for supreme power and creating a pretext for the Great Purge of the later Thirties.

The following three chapters add many significant new pages to the story of those years of Stalinist terror, documenting in horrifying detail the use of torture to compel quite innocent people to confess that they and others had taken part in a monstrous anti-state and anti-Stalin conspiracy that in fact never existed outside Stalin's morbid imagination (Medvedev is not sure that it even existed there). Later parts of the book dealing with Stalin's war leadership and postwar diplomacy—"socialist caesarism," the latter is called—are somewhat sketchy, yet vivid and informative in their way. One topic not adequately treated in them, however, is the Soviet-German pact of 1939. The failure to explore the earlier roots of Stalin's diplomacy of alliance with Hitler is regrettable.

Medvedev supplies previously unknown details of Stalin's behavior—among them, examples of the rudeness or boorishness (*grubost'* in Russian, a word inexactly translated in many passages in this book as "nastiness") for which Lenin faulted him in the party documents known as "Lenin's Testament." He quotes eyewitness reports of snatches of Stalin's table talk, like the revealing remark in 1926—a time of public stress on the collective leadership principle—that in Russia, "the land of the tsars," the people "like to have one man standing at the head of the state." Medvedev tells of Stalin's appropriation of the ideas of one Ksenofontov while preparing his lectures on "The Foundations of Leninism" in 1924, and of Ksenofontov's grim later fate. Finally, he casts new light



Lenin and Stalin in 1922—The dreams of Nicholas II were fulfilled.

(Above) eightieth anniversary in 1947 of Chaikovsky State Conservatory in Moscow; (right) Stalin and Kirov in 1926—assassination eliminated a feared potential rival for supreme power.

Sovfoto

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upon a number of moot questions of historical scholarship—such as, whether Stalin as a young revolutionary became an informer for the tsarist secret police. Although Medvedev cites some incriminating circumstantial evidence emanating from Old Bolshevik circles, he views this testimony with critical skepticism and concludes that "Stalin did not serve the tsarist secret police; he served only himself and his insatiable ambition."

Important as *Let History Judge* clearly is for the biographer of Stalin, the book is not a biography. Its subject is Stalin*ism*, by which Medvedev means the system of terroristic and dictatorial misrule that developed as Stalin came to power at the end of the Twenties and was consolidated through the dictator's personality cult and the Great Purge. Of this Russian holocaust, which he rightly sees as both the chief means of establishing Stalinism and its supreme expression, Medvedev writes that on the most cautious estimates four to five million people were subjected to repression for political reasons from 1936-39. Four to five hundred thousand of them were shot, and the rest given long terms of confinement. In 1937-38 there were days when as many as a thousand people were shot in Moscow alone. The author comments: "These were not streams, these were rivers of blood, the blood of honest Soviet people. The simple truth must be stated: not one of the tyrants and despots of the past persecuted and destroyed so many of his compatriots."

Medvedev likens the action that Stalin and his secret police took against the party during those years to an anticommunist *coup d'état*, comparing Stalin's subsequent retention of the forms of Soviet and communist rule to the Roman dictator Lucius Cornelius Sulla's retention of the forms of the consulship after he had eliminated the consulship's reality. He quotes a Russian monarchist officer, imprisoned since 1920, who said to a young communist cellmate in the late Thirties: "At last the dreams of our beloved Nicholas [II], which he was too soft to carry out, are being fulfilled. The prisons are full of Jews and Bolsheviks. Can't you see that a new dynasty is being created in Russia?" Medvedev disagrees with this view, but is willing to characterize Stalin's usurpation of power as something similar to Napoleon's in post-revolutionary France.

Let History Judge is not only a chronicle of events; it devotes many pages to the search for their causes. Medvedev does not see the Stalinist despotism as something embryonically inherent in the original Leninist system, or as a necessary consequence of the effort to transform a backward country economically in a hurry. Indeed, Stalinism was not in his opinion an inevitability at all, but rather the realization of *one of the possibilities* present in the historical situation. He believes that another possibility—the victory of genuinely socialist and democratic tendencies—would have been more probable than not if Lenin had not died in 1924, and declares: "It was an historical accident that Stalin, the embodiment of all the worst elements in the Russian revolutionary movement, came to power after Lenin, the embodiment of all that was best."

On Medvedev's own showing, however, this historical accident had strong forces working in its favor. There was the fact that Stalin was a leader in "hard times," when Russia's international isolation created an atmosphere in which conspiracy myths became believable. There was the willingness of a great many in high places, and others with hopes of high places, to act as Stalin's accomplices, the careerism that the Stalinist system capitalized upon and cultivated. There were such legacies of the old Russia as the political passivity of vast numbers of the people, and the centuries-old deifying of the tsar, which found a continuation or revival in Stalin-worship. In this connection the author unfortunately fails to take account of a very consequential intermediate development, communism's cult of Lenin, which sprouted immediately upon Lenin's death and was in full flower by 1925, facilitating Stalin's later promotion of the cult of his own person. Medvedev does concede that certain other features of early Soviet communism, such as the lack of arrangements for regularly changing the party and state leadership, were conducive to the rise of Stalinism. He even raises the question whether the Bolshevik Party's monopoly of power was justified, concluding that it was under the historical circumstances but that "prolonged existence" of a one-party system fosters tendencies toward bureaucratic degeneration and despotism of the Stalinist kind.

His Marxist convictions notwithstanding, Medvedev finds Stalin's own personality to be a crucial consideration in explaining the "historical accident," and in this basic respect his book supports those Western students of Soviet history, George Kennan and the present reviewer among them, who have emphasized in their work the personal factor in Stalinism. Medvedev declares on the last page that "the epoch of which I have written is still more evidence that the individual plays a great role in history." In his search for the causes of the colossal tragedy of 1936-39, he comes down finally upon subjective drives in Stalin himself: boundless ambition, lust for total power, yearning for glory, envy of people regarded as superior to him in any way, and a need to take revenge against all former political opponents and others who had aroused his vindictiveness. Medvedev also attaches prime importance to those qualities of Stalin—strong will, cunning, and the ability to deceive by putting on a mask—which were essential to the success of his protracted coup against the Communist Party.

He considers the possibility that Stalin was paranoid in the psychiatric sense of the term, and it is interesting to learn from him that certain Russian students of the Stalin period, like a number abroad, have been exploring this hypothesis. Medvedev grants some foundation to it, but insists that Stalin was at most a person with psychopathic traits, not one who was mentally sick. While finding in Stalin the morbid suspiciousness, intolerance of criticism, vindictiveness, and self-inflation that medical textbooks ascribe to the paranoia syndrome, he rejects the belief that Stalin suffered from a "persecution mania." He does so, moreover, on the very weak ground that Stalin "acted with great self-control" (something not uncharacteristic of paranoid behavior as textbooks describe it) and in the face of convincing testimony from Khrushchev and others that Stalin grew increasingly obsessed by imaginary hostile conspiracies from the 1930s onward. An important, unsolved question is thereby set aside. Unfortunately, the editorial introduction goes further in this direction by advising us to concentrate on the major problem of Stalin's influence rather than "the relatively minor issue of his psychopathology." The two factors may have been closely interrelated.

In taking the position that he does, Medvedev seems to have been actuated in part by a burning insistence that nothing shall cloud Stalin's culpability for all his crimes. "I am profoundly convinced," he writes, "that *Stalin was beyond doubt a sane man, and in most cases was fully aware of what he was doing.* And no court, including the court of history, can excuse and explain Stalin's actions by reference to incompetence." As all this suggests, Medvedev's book is really two books in one. It is a history but also—as its very title proclaims—a passionate political tract, a humanistic Leninist's indictment of Stalin and Stalinism and Stalinists before the court of history. And this indictment is motivated not simply by a desire to help people reach a just judgment on the past, but also by the wish to influence the Soviet fu-

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ture toward the goal, stated in the book's last line, of "purifying the Communist movement, of washing out all the layers of Stalinist filth. . . ."

No noncommunist humanist can find anything to quarrel with in this, or any basic reason to deny Stalin's ultimate responsibility for his actions. What can and must be asked or hoped of the author, though, is a judicious and searching examination of Stalin as a person, particularly because of the great weight assigned here to the personal factor. And in this regard, for all my agreement with Medvedev on many details, I find his work wanting. He seems virtually unable to recognize Stalin's positive strengths as a political personality, even in the earlier years. More significant, he feels driven to depict Stalin not only as one of the worst villains of history in his deeds, which he undoubtedly was, but also as someone aware of being a villain, conscious of the evil things he did as evil.

Stalin was not simply crafty, Medvedev writes, he was a man of "unusual hypocrisy." This thesis of Stalin's hypocrisy is an extremely important one in the book. It leads to the conclusion, for example, that Stalin's Marxism and communism were nothing but a masquerade that he put on through the years. He "never was a true Communist." Despite having written in his youth such a work as *Marxism and the National Question*, "he never was a Marxist in essence, especially during his last twenty-five years," although "on occasion he had to act like a Marxist." Moreover, "Stalin can hardly be considered a revolutionary in essence. He was only a fellow traveler of revolution."

Stalin thus emerges in this work as a consciously demonic figure, hypocritically pretending to be the Marxist and communist that he knew himself not to be. Such a picture of him is not, I believe, a true description of Stalin's sense of identity, although I cannot claim the fallacy to have been demonstrated, here or elsewhere. So we come to one of the large issues concerning Stalin that future scholarship will have to resolve. Its importance derives from the fact that the inner world of Stalin, as of any other major historical figure, must be accurately appraised in order for his actions to be properly explained.

It is too soon in history for a fully satisfactory book about Stalin and Stalinism to be written. But, whatever its limitations, this work is a monumental achievement, for which the world owes a debt of gratitude to the talent, tenacity, good will, and courage of Roy Medvedev. Let us hope that he and we will live to see the day when *Let History Judge* gains wide recognition among his compatriots through its publication in Soviet Russia.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Rebel-Clown

It calls on some imagination to picture the man whose face appears on the cover of *SR* Dec. 11 as a womanizer. But then, some women have no taste.

Henry Miller has indeed made a contribution, a significant contribution, to degeneracy. If only he would go down in the minds of people, especially young people, as a "rebel-clown," I shouldn't worry. But I'm afraid it is deeper than that. I fear he has converted all too many to his facile self-justification that his pruriency is "truth."

It would be difficult to quote four-letter-word Henry without using dirty words. You used them and thus demonstrated your own sophistication. I hope it will act as a purgative and that *SR* will revert to the good taste and decency with which it previously has been characterized.

Henry G. Gilland,
St. Louis, Mo.

Phrases like "order of reflectiveness," "Nice Folks' fantasy," "energies of democratization," "dignity of leanness," and "proletarianizing sensibility" are casually used throughout Benjamin DeMott's article as if they were household words that didn't need any explanation whatsoever. Reading this piece on Henry Miller became an almost gruelling task of slowly deciphering each sentence, trying to nail down what was really being stated.

My second gripe is that Mr. DeMott uses the two books he reviews as a smoke screen to thinly disguise his own negative feelings about Miller as a writer.

It is sad to read comments on something I hold dear (Miller's work), and realize the writer hasn't the slightest idea of what Miller is about. It is obvious that DeMott feels no emotional spiritual connection with Miller at all. "Henry Miller: Rebel-Clown at Eighty" really pays a disservice to one of America's truly original authors.

Bruce Spiegel,
New York, N.Y.

There is something pathetic about this aged pornographer trying to stretch his youthful rebellion to doomsday. The most repetitious writer of his times, Henry Miller comes close to being the most boring.

Russell Speirs,
Elbridge, N.Y.

Fill-in on Browne

Many *SR* readers might not be familiar with Martin Browne, referred to by Robert Sencourt in *T. S. Eliot: A Memoir* [*SR*, Nov. 27].

Dr. E. Martin Browne is a scholar, director, actor, and producer of high repute. His particular areas of interest are modern English verse drama and medieval English religious drama (which is verse drama also). Single-handedly, he revived interest in the great medieval mystery play cycles, which are now staged regularly in England.

His influence on Eliot was much greater than he would ever admit. It began with friendship and became something more. Undoubtedly, Martin Browne's was an early and strong secular voice urging Eliot towards Anglicanism. Most importantly, more than any other man, Martin Browne was responsible for Eliot's emergence as a playwright. He produced the initial stagings of all of Eliot's plays, beginning with *Murder in the Cathedral* in 1935 (which, by the way, was first staged in the Chapter House at Canterbury Cathedral . . . very atmospheric).

In 1951, Mr. Browne (as he prefers to be called) was created a Commander of the British Empire for his services to English theater. In the United States he has staged the plays of Eliot, served as a professor at Union Theological Seminary, and worked many times with the New York Pro Musica.

Today, although over seventy (and bearing a striking resemblance to the older Eliot), Martin Browne continues to teach and direct, with the BBC and as an instructor for Tufts-in-London, a theater program sponsored by Tufts University (Medford, Massachusetts).

I had the privilege of studying with Martin Browne in 1967-68. He is an open-minded and stimulating teacher, a warm and modest man, and a true Christian gentleman.

Jonathan B. Abarbanel,
Chicago, Ill.

Dispersed Collection

May I correct the footnote identifying me (under a review of *Hogarth: His Life, Art and Times* [*SR*, Dec. 18]) as a collector of Pre-Raphaelite art? I have completely dispersed my collection of that school (including some stained glass), though I still have other English artists. Not, alas, any Hogarth except prints.

Robert Halsband,
Riverside, Calif.

Credit Due

I am grateful to Miss Phyllis Robinson of Smith College for helping me in my essay review of the Pentagon Papers [*SR*, Jan. 1], particularly on those aspects dealing with the murder of Ngo Dinh Diem. Because of space limitations, these thanks could not appear in the article itself.

Jonathan Mirsky,
Hanover, N.H.

Criticism

I read a prestigious critic's review of *The People Eaters*, by Hollis Alpert, that praised and recommended it.

Then I read Arthur Cooper's review [*SR*, Nov. 20], blasting the novel. If two such divergent views of the same book are possible, what purpose can possibly be served by having books reviewed?

It would seem to me that a review of any art form should consist merely in sketchily describing the subject matter, and should not inflict a personal opinion on other people.

Edith Litt,
Philadelphia, Pa.

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TRACY AND HEPBURN: An Intimate Memoir

by Garson Kanin

Viking, 307 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Robert Hector

■ Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn are a discerning choice for a memoir, and they make a logical pair, for, although Tracy was married and stayed in close touch with his family, Miss Hepburn was his companion of later years. His was a sardonic sensibility; hers is brilliant and fey. Meeting these two talented people in Garson Kanin's *Intimate Memoir,* the reader embraces them, hardly caring that he isn't seeing every aspect of their lives.

Tracy was a direct man, not given to dissembling or toadying. One knew where one stood with him. Yet in some ways he was difficult. "He wants to be perfect," said James Cagney, "and he knows he isn't, and can't be, so he wants all his friends to be perfect, and he gets sore when he finds out they can't be. A hard man."

It was Tracy's nature to go to the core. As an actor, he scorned the use of makeup or other artifices, insisting that character can be conveyed by the player's inner feelings. Although he studied all there was to know about a role, he had no patience with elaborate theories of acting, claiming that there was nothing to it except learning the lines. It was consistent with his nature that he neither watched the rushes of his films nor attended previews. He saw many of his early films for the first time, only years later, on television.

Tracy had his strengths: though scheduled to appear in a special performance at the National Theatre in Washington, when he heard that the owners planned to exclude Negroes he refused to perform unless the rule was suspended. (It was.) A devout Catholic, who attended Mass regularly, he could be critical of what he believed to be clerical hypocrisy. He had his frailties: drinking was one of them until, in later years, he broke the habit.

Clearly, Kanin loved Tracy. "All great actors," he writes, "are larger than life when they are acting. Spencer was so, on [camera] and off. He was a man of size and dimension in spirit, intellect and vision. If something or someone struck him funny, he did not laugh, he caved in. His was the shyest smile, the wickedest cut, the tenderest sympathy, the purplest rage."

As for Katharine Hepburn, she is a perennial metaphor for rebellion against accepted ways. Whether it is in refusing to be part of the Hollywood hoopla, in fighting the press for her privacy, in challenging medical dicta (her own prescription for self-discipline and good health: ice-cold baths several times daily), Miss Hepburn is a woman who heeds her own unique and very definite inner voice.

She inclines to the quixotic. Once she was trying to write a letter to director Jules Dassin; he had sent her a play that he hoped she would star in. It hadn't appealed to her and she was declining his offer. Miss Hepburn tried four different approaches, all unsuitable: (1) "*fascinating* . . . but unfortunately . . ." (too cliché) (2) "*depressing* piece of claptrap . . . " (too rude) (3) "I cannot make head or tail . . . " (too apologetic) (4) " . . . alas, I am not available at this time . . . " (too hypocritical).

"And what did you decide in the end?" Kanin's wife—the actress Ruth Gordon—asked.

"Oh, I just put *all four* of them into an envelope and sent it off to him."

"Kate" will probably never slow down. Whether she makes her friends gasp by taking a board out into stormy surf or by climbing a construction site to cajole the foreman into stopping his crew from drilling during her big song in *Coco,* playing across the street, it is with the quintessence of New England vigor.

As Kanin's memoir unfolds, it is clear that these two uniquely different persons were well matched in spirit, and that they gave generously to each other. Kate expressed her feelings for Tracy after he died in 1967: "Spencer was the only pure person I ever met in all my life."

A longtime friend of both of his subjects, Kanin does not purport to cover all aspects of their lives. It is reasonable to suppose that people with temperaments as volatile as Tracy's and Hepburn's would clash from time to time, that the very strength of their attachment would breed an occasional tempest. If this is true, then Kanin has chosen to discreetly omit such episodes, thus muting the full impact of their personalities.

Agreeably anecdotal, Kanin's reminiscences reveal Tracy as a man of puckish wit. When the author asked the ac-

(Continued on page 37)

Culver Pictures

Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in (left) "State of the Union," (above) "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner"—his a sardonic sensibility, hers brilliant and fey.

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TRUDEAU IN POWER

by Walter Stewart

Outerbridge & Dienstfrey/Dutton, 240 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Clive Cocking

■ In 1968 when Pierre Elliott Trudeau was swept into power in Canada, Canadians were elated at acquiring a leader who they thought was a kind of swinging, bilingual Kennedy. Today, three years later, it turns out they got a de Gaulle. Just goes to show that in this age of personality or image politics what you see is not necessarily what you get. Trudeau, during that heady election period, seemed to represent an image of change—the embodiment of a new style, a new direction, a new hope for Canada. Certainly, that was how he was sold. But *that* Trudeau hasn't been seen since. In his place has appeared Trudeau the conservative, Trudeau the autocrat.

The charisma has all but vanished. Granted Prime Minister Trudeau still commands widespread support, but there is skepticism now where once there was adulation. And, according to the polls, the popularity of his rival, Robert Stanfield of the Conservative Party, is rising, while that of his government is falling. Some political observers have recently concluded that Trudeau is a disaster and should be thrown out of office.

One of these is Walter Stewart, whose book about him, *Trudeau in Power*, marks the beginning of the demythologizing of Pierre Elliott Trudeau. The book is a well-documented, powerful condemnation of Canada's trendy French-Canadian leader and his government's record the first three years.

It should make fascinating reading for those Americans who are interested in the Trudeau phenomenon. At the same time it is a valuable book for anyone interested in the democratic political process. For it amounts to an essay on the implications of image politics. And, while political strategists uniformly say this is *the* way to get your man in, readers will likely come away from the Stewart book wondering whether this style of politics isn't a luxury in an age when the issues are so complex, so important.

Stewart's account is essentially that of an eyewitness. One of Canada's top journalists, he is a member of the parliamentary press gallery and an associate editor of *Maclean's* magazine. His style is brisk, colorful, and marked by refreshingly direct personal statement. Stewart rejects the myth of the impartial observer: "You cannot watch government as closely as I have over the past eight years and remain a detached outsider unless you are a political eunuch, and no eunuch is a trustworthy guide to the ultimate mysteries." A recent conversation with a former federal cabinet minister has convinced me that Stewart's assessment is right on.

He credits the Trudeau government for attempts to end regional disparities in Canada, for some liberalization of the criminal code, and for policies directed toward expanding the French-English bilingual nature of the country. But Stewart finds that Trudeau has done less with a fat majority than his predecessor, Lester Pearson, did as leader of a minority government.

Contrary to the expected image, the Trudeau government, Stewart argues, has proved to be one of the most conservative, imperious, and insensitive to human needs of any in Canadian history. The author indicts the government for ignoring needed social reform, harming national unity, creating massive unemployment, and undermining parliamentary democracy.

The anger in Stewart's tone comes from the fact that the Canadian people, in his view, wanted change, and Trudeau has not delivered. "We cried out for an end to the evasions, the temporizing, and the time- and energy-wasting scuffles of the Pearson and Diefenbaker eras," he writes. "The evasions and scuffles have been ended; in their place we have had confrontation, division, autocracy, and the beginnings of the end of parliamentary democracy."

Stewart suggests that no one familiar with Trudeau's personal history should be surprised at the kind of government he has brought to Canada. He sketches the Prime Minister's development, and a quite uncharismatic picture emerges. It is that of an arrogant man born to wealth and ease, a rigid antinationalist, a political opportunist who in the early Sixties abruptly ceased violently attacking the Liberal Party and worked at becoming its star. Significantly, Stewart says, when the calculated media build-up catapulted Trudeau into power on a tide of "Trudeaumania," Canadians had elected a Prime Minister who had previously never really held a job.

Thus one can more easily understand why the Trudeau government has been so inactive in social reform and so ineffectual in economic policy. It was the Trudeau government, for example, which had the patrician gall to give pensioners a measly forty-two-cents-a-month increase while granting judges a fat *42 per cent* raise. The same govern-

Pix

Pierre Elliott Trudeau in Ottawa—an uncharismatic picture emerges.

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ment, obsessed with inflation and ignoring its own economic advisers, set out on a tight-money policy that has resulted in Canada's highest unemployment rate in a decade—7.1 per cent.

And it was Trudeau the autocrat, the antinationalist, suggests Stewart, who suspended civil liberties and sent in the troops during the Quebec FLQ crisis of 1970. That action, the author argues, was not in the end directed at crushing the terrorist FLQ; it was a political move designed to create widespread revulsion against the legitimate Quebec separatist—or secessionist—movement, the *Parti Québecois*. Stewart charges that this action has seriously harmed national unity, since recent polls indicate it has turned more Quebeckers into separatists.

All of this is alarming enough, but Walter Stewart's most serious charge is that Trudeau is destroying parliamentary democracy in Canada, substituting an "elected dictatorship" with himself as head. By a series of parliamentary rule changes that have drastically weakened the opposition parties in Parliament, by imposition of iron discipline on his cabinet and party, by his refusal to answer questions in Parliament, Pierre Trudeau has made the House of Commons his tool, not his master. The traditional day-to-day accountability has been replaced by an accountability that occurs only once every four or five years at election time.

As part of the same process, Stewart says, Trudeau has gathered around himself a small group of loyal experts and technocrats responsible only to him, and has given them wide power. This is the now infamous "Supergroup." Stewart writes that the Supergroup, whose sole concerns are efficiency and political strength, have in many cases usurped the decision-making prerogatives of cabinet ministers and senior civil servants.

"To all intents and purposes," he concludes, "Canada is no longer run by Parliament, or the cabinet, or even the party in power; it is run by the Prime Minister and his own personal power bloc."

In Canada, this book is sure to be an influential contribution to the current revision in public attitudes toward Trudeau. But even so, it's not likely, as the author ruefully admits, that Trudeau will be defeated in the next election. His rival, Robert Stanfield, has not emerged yet as a sufficiently attractive alternative. Political observers, however, feel that Trudeau may well lose his fat majority, squeaking back in with a minority government. And minority governments have a way of humbling the most arrogant of politicians.

Clive Cocking is correspondent in Vancouver for the London Observer.

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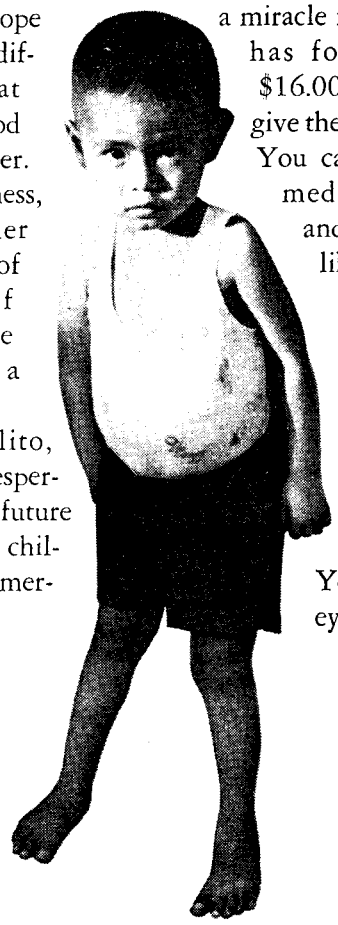

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NEVER AGAIN!
A Program for Survival

by Meir Kahane

Nash, 287 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Robert J. Milch

■ The disciples of America's best-known rabbi come on like thugs; he himself, by his own proclamation, is not "a nice Jewish boy"; and the action program he proposes for American Jewry combines religious rigidity, populist antagonism to the middle class, hard-hat anticommunism, the mystique of force, and a reactionary contempt for democratic institutions.

Yes, whatever else he may be, Meir Kahane, the founder and head of the Jewish Defense League, is a stereotype-buster. He has shown, for anyone who needed showing, that a Jew can be just as unreasonable, just as regressive, as anyone else, and, in the process, he has inadvertently made a major contribution to the cause of the very assimilationism he professes to condemn. For Kahane is living proof that Jews really aren't different.

In *Never Again!*, the first comprehensive exposition of his thinking to gain general circulation, Kahane presents himself as the herald of an Orthodox religious revival and as a champion of the Jewish poor against America's liberal establishment and the Jewish middle class, both of which have failed to protect needy urban Jews from street crime, to obtain for them their fair share of poverty program benefits, and to take seriously the threat of black and radical anti-Semitism. More than this, Kahane relentlessly indicts American Jewry for its increasing secularization, for its feeble sense of Jewish identity and solidarity, and for the generation of alienated young people it has produced.

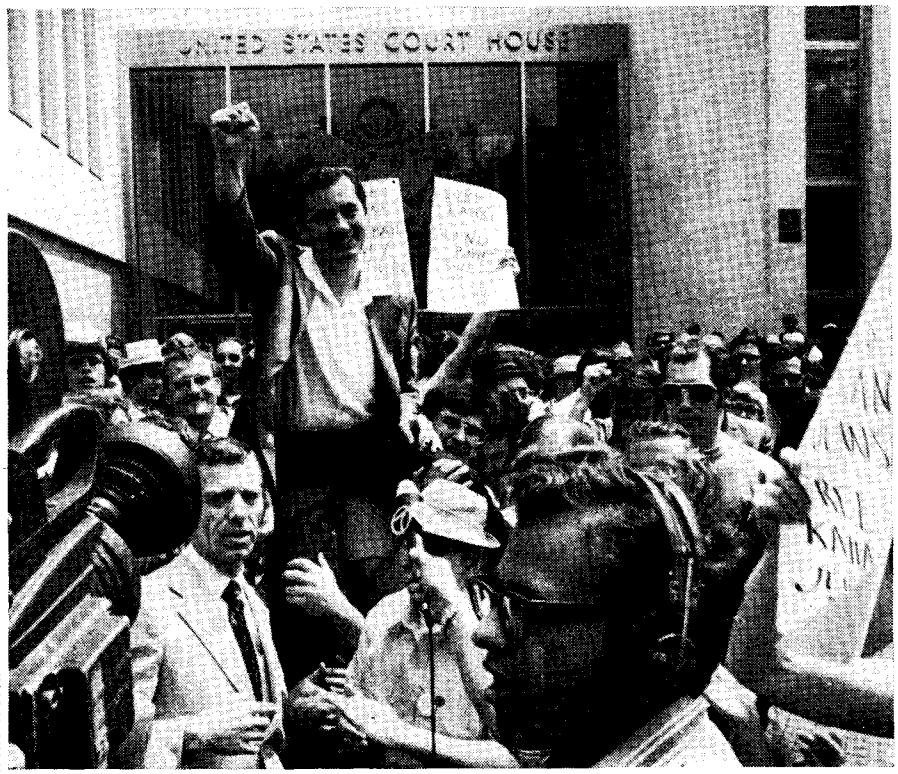
Many of Kahane's observations in these spheres are only too valid; in fact, they parallel criticisms of American Judaism and its institutions emanating from critics far removed from the JDL. They, however, regard these defects as remediable and the American environment as ultimately hospitable. For Kahane, American Jewry is rotten within and beleaguered without, while America as a whole is indifferent to its plight or covertly hostile. The situation in this country, he says, is comparable to that in Weimar Germany just before the Nazi takeover: we have a sagging economy, divisive social and racial tensions, decay of public moral standards, and an embittered army which sees itself as victorious on the battlefields of Vietnam but betrayed on the homefront by a Jewish-dominated, leftist peace movement.

All this, he warns, can lead only to a tremendous upsurge of domestic anti-Semitism and possibly even to a new holocaust. Short of emigrating to Israel, American Jews have only one safe course. They must acquire weapons and prepare for armed self-defense. They must abandon Reform and Conservative Judaism, both expressions of a half-baked accommodation policy that weakens the spirit and saps the will to resist. They must destroy the dangerous image of Jews as liberals, head off an alliance of black and white anti-Semites, and secure the support of conservative Middle Americans for Israel and Soviet Jewry by immediately forming an anticommunist coalition with the white ethnic working class and by ceasing to back reformist social programs.

However far-fetched all this may sound, it is heady stuff, especially when retailed in Kahane's high-strung, evocative prose, for he knows how to touch the nerve ends of even the most blasé Jewish reader. "When there is a Jewish crisis, when the Jew is up against the wall of history," he asks, "who will fight for him and how many strangers will be at his side in his hour of need?" As the past has shown all too often, the Jew usually does stand pretty much on his own. There is no convincing response to Kahane's grim question. Nevertheless, its emotional impact hardly substantiates his vision of Jewish prospects in America.

Kahane is, as he emphasizes in *Never Again!*, an ideological descendant of Vladimir Jabotinsky, the founder of the rightist Revisionist movement in prewar Zionism, whose followers constituted the Irgun and the terrorist Stern Gang in Mandatory Palestine and comprise the right-wing nationalist Herut party in present-day Israel. Standing squarely within this extremist, authoritarian tradition, Kahane takes a dim view of democracy and human nature. He sees toughness, force, and *machismo* as the answers—regardless of what the question is.

Very much a product of the disorientation, confusion, fears, and unresolved grievances of our era—though he claims to be a guide to the ancient mainstream of "authentic" Judaism—Kahane has attained a certain degree of acceptance in some quarters because the social turbulence he describes is real enough and because easy answers to complex problems are always appealing, especially in a period when anti-intellectualism and simplistic distrust of liberalism have become fashionable. But real solutions are never easy, and the America envisioned in *Never Again!* would be nasty for everyone, Jew and non-Jew alike. To justify the separatist aspects of the JDL program, Rabbi Kahane likes to quote the famous Jewish sage Hillel: "If I am not for myself, who will be?" Perhaps he should remind himself of the second part of Hillel's saying: "But if I am for myself alone, what am I?"



Wide World

Meir Kahane, after receiving a $5,000 fine and a five year suspended sentence July 23, 1971—"a stereotype-buster."

Robert J. Milch is a long-time observer of the American Jewish community.

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THE BLACKSTONE RANGERS: A Reporter's Account of Time Spent with the Street Gang on Chicago's South Side

by R. T. Sale

Random House, 186 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by William Kennedy

■ The Blackstone Rangers are a paramilitary outfit comprising about 4,500 blacks (average age, seventeen) whose twenty-one component street gangs control most of Chicago's South Side. Or at least such was the case when R. T. Sale, a free-lance reporter, got acquainted with the Stones in 1968. His book about them contains no information on the gangs' present population and activities—a glaring defect in a reportorial account. But then this is New Journalism, a genre whose tacks and tics are apt to be unpredictable.

Choosing to stick with three-year-old material, Sale has fashioned it into a fact-as-fiction novel *à la* Joan Didion: supersparse, frequently elliptical. At his best, he conveys an impression of deadly heat, giving Daley's Chicago the parched feel of Camus's Algeria. He also has a good ear for the language the Stones use. In the course of an interview with Joel Hampton, a Blackstone leader, Hampton tells Sale that the killers, or "hit men," the gang uses are "little bits of thirteen or fourteen." He goes on to describe a team of two kids riding up on a bicycle to make their kill. "A bike?" Sale asks.

> That's right. One kid will pump the bike, while the hit-man, he'll ride on the handlebars, with the heat [the gun] wrapped up in a towel. If the hit is inside, then another Stone, he'll act as a lure. He'll go inside and he'll find him and he'll say, Come on out, man, like I got a reefer or some real nice wine. Something like that. When the hit appears in the doorway, then the hit-man jumps down off his bike, clears his heat, and cuts his man in two.
>
> As the man falls, the hit-man he jumps back on the bike, and the other man, he pedals it on over to the car. The car is waiting there. The hit-man, when they reach the car, tosses the shotgun into the back seat. The car pulls away, taking the murder weapon, and the hit-man, he jumps down and walks off in the other direction from the car, while the bike-man, he makes a U turn and goes back the way he came. The Stone who acted as a lure, he'll stay at the scene of the shoot. He'll act as a witness for the police, plyin them with a lot of false information.

Joel Hampton, whom Sale first met in Resurrection City in Washington, D.C., remains throughout Sale's prime source of information about the Stones. It is chiefly from him that Sale learns how the Stones came into existence, how they extorted merchants (white and black), how they eliminated the junkie problem by murder, how they drove out white hoodlumism and prostitution and substituted black, and how, in 1968, one youth a day died in the Stones' feud with the 4,000-member Devil's Disciples. Sale's principal informant and the book's central character, Joel Hampton, remains an enigma. Even as he tells the Stones' secret history to the reporter, whom he knows is preparing an article for *Life* (it was never used), Joel says with pride: "Look, we got what the United States ain't got: unity. Why, man, nowhere in the history of this country has there been a group of young black men like us, organized with the kind of discipline we have, the kind of organization. . . ." Why, then, did he leave the organization and tell all? Because, he says, he dislikes the way the Stones turned from uplift-through-power to Capone-style gangsterism. Because he likes Sale. Because he wants to tell the whole truth. Joel pictures himself as an idealistic intriguer. Then one day another Stone leader, who eventually takes over, says to him: "When you gonna stop this *I Spy* shit? We're here to make cash money."

That line alone sounds the depths of ambiguity that this book creates but fails to clear up. Are the 4,500 Stones basically well intentioned; their 4,000 enemies, the Disciples, evil, as Joel suggests? Are the moral elements in the Stones' behavior reflections of the deepest needs of black men to hold the power of life and death in their own hands? Or is morality just a front, a rationalization arrived at by youths whose environment has turned them into precocious gangsters? The image of those thirteen-year-olds who murder for the cause, or for a bottle of wine, cancels all semblance of anything resembling uplift, self-help, or social progress, since killer and victim are both black, both residents of the same ghetto. "We only kill each other," the Bugsy Siegel line, applies here.

Faced with an ambiguous situation, Sale responds by becoming ambiguous himself. Each negative comment he makes on Stone violence is carefully counterbalanced by another comment revealing his sensitivity to individuals or his awareness of the social evils that spawned their death games. Another flaw is that while Sale's dialogue is often rich and tough—most notably in the scene in which Joel introduces him to hostile Stones, who resent his prying into their life—it dwindles into pedestrian banter that marks time between *The Blackstone Rangers'* more significant episodes. The interested reader is often exasperated. The lacks in Sale's prose and the gaps in his outsider's insight cry out to be filled by a latter-day James Baldwin, a man who has survived the fire, who understands it, and who is compelled to illuminate it in language that can explode like a shotgun or wail like a dying young man.

William Kennedy, the former book critic for Look is writing a novel about an American gangster.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

OCCUPATIONAL

Can you assign these occupations to the fictional characters who professed or practiced them? To help you along, Benjamin DaSilva, Jr., of Danbury, Connecticut, has also listed the authors, so you may as well connect the entire trio. It's all sorted out on page 35.

1. an ambulance driver ( )	A. Charles Bovary	a. Balzac
2. a bank manager ( )	B. Ronald Heaslop	b. Buck
3. the court painter ( )	C. Torvald Helmer	c. Conrad
4. a doctor ( )	D. Frederick Henry	d. Dickens
5. a farmer ( )	E. Mr. Kurtz	e. Flaubert
6. a harpooner ( )	F. Buck Mulligan	f. Forster
7. an ivory trader ( )	G. Richard Phillotson	g. Hardy
8. a law student ( )	H. Queequeg	h. Hemingway
9. a lawyer ( )	I. Eugène de Rastignac	i. Ibsen
10. a magistrate ( )	J. Ludovico Settembrini	j. Joyce
11. a medical student ( )	K. Snout	k. Kafka
12. a prospector ( )	L. John Thornton	l. London
13. a schoolmaster ( )	M. Titorelli	m. Mann
14. a tinker ( )	N. Wang Lung	n. Melville
15. a writer ( )	O. Mr. Wickfield	o. Shakespeare

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THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

by Piers Paul Read

Lippincott, 276 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by John R. Clark

■ Piers Paul Read is a thirty-year-old Englishman whose three previous novels were set in England. In *The Professor's Daughter*, Read has had the temerity to write a novel set in America and about Americans. Moreover, he has attempted to capture precisely the mentality of a renowned political theorist and scholar, and to deal with various problems relating to the generation gap of the Sixties. Among other questions this novel seeks to answer are: What made the youth of this country unite in dissent, and what caused both parents and children to fail in the business of living? The questions Read poses are pertinent. The answers he comes up with are, unfortunately, rather far-fetched and generally unsound.

At nineteen, Louisa—the professor's daughter of the title and the plot's main catalytic agent—is a student at Berkeley, where she joins the counterculture, and where, after a brief marriage, she develops an obsessive need periodically to fornicate with ugly, middle-aged strangers. She attempts suicide once and consults a psychiatrist frequently.

In a series of fancy flashbacks, Read seeks to show that Louisa's sexual, psychological, and political hangups are directly attributable to parental pressures. Her distinguished father, Henry Rutledge—Harvard professor of political theory, eminent idolator of the New Deal, and a stalwart supporter of a slightly tarnished liberalism—owes his prestige as much to affluence and accident as to his intellectual acumen. When Louisa was sixteen, he had been tempted to ravish her—a lust that he has since carefully hidden behind a façade of authoritarianism and reserve. Meanwhile, bored with Henry's theoretical approach to life and with his decorous, Brattle Street demeanor, Henry's wife, Lilian, has long since taken on as lover her husband's best friend—a Senator with thwarted Presidential ambitions. Bourbon and gin also help Lilian to bear up under the *ennui* and frustration of this intellectual wedlock. Louisa becomes the first casualty of her parents' mutual disaffection. Getting hooked on hard drugs, her fifteen-year-old sister, Laura, becomes casualty number two.

Louisa's attempted suicide (the aftermatch of yet another episode with an ugly, middle-aged stranger) virtually derails her father. Stimulated by student radicals who attend his seminar on political theory, Rutledge himself becomes radicalized. After being led first to reject the liberalism of his past, then to feel that he should bestow his millions upon some militant movement, he ultimately endorses revolution. Though he has misgivings about resorting to assassination to attain revolutionary ends, several of his students have no such qualms. At this point, *The Professor's Daughter* turns into a would-be thriller.

Mr. Read's prose is cool and aloof. But what exasperates the reader is the author's indulgence in gross oversimplification and sentimentality. At heart this novel is fudge.

John R. Clark is associate professor of English at New York University.

"He was such an interesting original neurotic until he discovered yoga!"

THE NAÏVE AND SENTIMENTAL LOVER

by John le Carré

Knopf, 480 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Arthur Cooper

■ David Cornwell was toiling in the lower echelons of the British Foreign Service when he decided to moonlight as a novelist. He wrote discreetly, under the *nom de plume* of John le Carré, and his third novel, the best-selling *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, made him a publishing household word, as well as a very wealthy ex-civil servant. That was eight years ago. His next two espionage novels—*The Looking Glass War* and *A Small Town in Germany*—followed *Spy* to the profitable heights of the best-seller lists. But was le Carré satisfied? Hardly. "I'm not going to plod like an old athlete around the same track just because it makes money," he declared. Coming in from the gold.

Le Carré has been as good as his word. A radical departure from the spy genre, this book is an attempt at a serious "novelistic" novel. Sadly, it is a disappointing one. The book's protagonist, Aldo Cassidy, is the least interesting character le Carré has created. Husband to Sandra, father to Mark and Hugo, Cassidy, an affluent pram manufacturer, is plodding through a life that has turned brown around the edges. At thirty-eight his emotional center is frozen into lethargy when he meets a blocked writer named Shamus and his worshipful, beautiful wife, Helen. Shamus is a spiritual descendant of J. P. Donleavy's Ginger Man: selfish, self-indulgent, self-destructive, an innocent, moody man-

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child resonant with vitality and full of juices.

In their presence Cassidy finds the "ever-ascending swell of perfect companionship." He sets the couple up in an elegant London flat, pays their bills, buys their clothes, encourages Shamus to finish the novel he has fitfully been composing. Cassidy, in turn, receives a crash course in living. "Any fool can give, lover. It's what we take from life that matters. . . . Never regret; never explain; never apologize," preaches Shamus. "*The impact confirms the shape,*" argues Helen. "That's why we have to collide all the time. To confirm our shape. To *feel* our outer edges."

Such catechism confuses Cassidy. "I am not like you, Shamus," he laments. "I am not emotional, I am not drastic. I am an hotelier's son. I'm not anything more than that. I am rational and like things as they are as long as they favor my situation. I'm a lover not of people but of compromise and orthodoxy. I hold very much with the past, and if I know where I came from I would return there like a shot." But there are those inner voices: "It's what we take from life that matters." So Cassidy takes Helen as a mistress and also beds his smashing secretary and his wife's frustrated best friend. The scales have fallen from his eyes. Cassidy is liberated. Or is he? He fails his final test—the penalty for which is spiritual death.

Le Carré's concern, as it has been in the past, is the search for moral values. And his ability to depict life as a tense interplay between moral courage and the foreclosing of possibilities is as strong as ever. Yet there is a good deal less to this sometimes surreal, often just plain murky, novel than meets the eye. The sad fact of the matter is that le Carré fails to convince us that his characters or the ideas they espouse are really that important. At one point Cassidy contemplates writing a spy novel about a professional assassin who is given the cryogenic deep-freeze, then thawed out and turned loose on the leaders of a new age. Now that's just the sort of novel I hope le Carré decides to write next.

Arthur Cooper is an associate editor of Newsweek, for which he frequently reviews fiction.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1Dh (*Farewell to Arms*), 2Ci (*Doll's House*), 3Mk (*Trial*), 4Ae (*Mme Bovary*), 5Nb (*Good Earth*), 6Hn (*Moby Dick*), 7Ec (*Heart of Darkness*), 8Ia (*Père Goriot*), 9 Od (*David Copperfield*), 10 Bf (*Passage to India*), 11 Fj (*Ulysses*), 12Ll (*Call of the Wild*), 13Gg (*Jude the Obscure*), 14Ko (*M. N. D.*), 15Jm (*Magic Mountain*).

INTO YOUR TENT I'LL CREEP

by Peter DeVries

Little, Brown, 244 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Peter Wood

■ As some dozen previous books constructed on the same formula as *Into Your Tent I'll Creep* amply attest, Peter DeVries is a funny man who has a light and inventive way of twisting words. He is a stand-up comic who uses a typewriter instead of a microphone to regale his audience with rapid-fire gags. But whereas the nightclub comic usually kicks his victims in the teeth for laughs, DeVries shows a comely compassion. When the jokes come fast enough and are outrageous enough the story line connecting them matters little. That is the DeVries formula. It has worked in the past, and he has a loyal following.

But this latest incarnation of his talent is shabby and transparently thin—thin not like a see-through blouse, as one suspects he would have it, but like a watered-down coat of glossy paint. It just does not cover. When, for instance, along about page 212 of this 244-page sleeping potion, he runs dry of plot altogether, DeVries gamely turns to his card-file of story ideas and after-dinner jokes and interjects a series of totally irrelevant stories. "You know," as this book's hero-narrator, adrift in Long Island Sound on a sinking barge with a party of bird watchers, says, "like in *The Canterbury Tales?*" Well, not quite like that.

What scaffolding there is to support this airy tissue of yucks concerns the on-again-off-again-on-again marriage of Al Banghart, an inept philanderer, and his former high school French teacher, Miss Rose Piano, who nurtures a soft spot for kinky causes, particularly those wearing trousers. Beset by such knotty problems as Rose's grim determination to pursue a career—making her a straw soldier in the women's lib campaign—and Banghart's vain attempts to avoid work altogether, this cardboard couple stagger and pratfall their way from Chicago's South Side to humdrum respectability and happiness in Rowayton, Connecticut.

There is only half a chicken in this potboiler.

Peter Wood, an occasional short story writer, works for Time-Life Books.

"Now, Irma. You know anyone as high up in government as I am has to accept some form of minimal benevolent surveillance."

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FICTIONS AND EVENTS: Essays in Criticism and Literary History

by Warner Berthoff

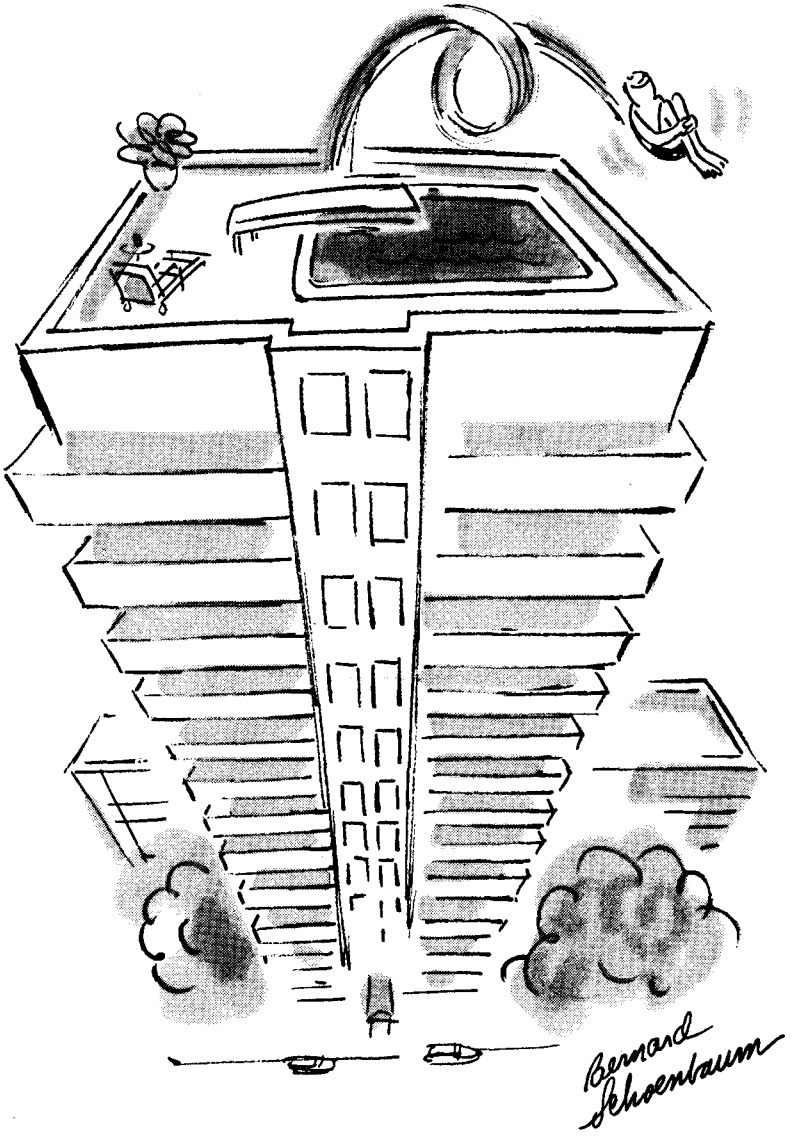
Dutton, 349 pp., $10

Reviewed by Lawrence Graver

■ Warner Berthoff's collection of essays is the product of eighteen years' work and twenty-one different occasions. Speculations on narrative structure composed for *Harvard English Studies* are displayed alongside anthology introductions; and a general lecture on Edmund Wilson competes for attention with nine scholarly book reviews or a talk in Iowa about the future of the novel. Since Berthoff himself admits the absence of unifying propositions, any attempt to engage him on one point (or even on several points) would give a distorted sense of the variety of the collection as a whole. Perhaps the fairest way to suggest the nature and quality of *Fictions and Events* would be to postpone pursuing its arguments and to ask: What critical roles does Berthoff play and how well does he perform them?

Most often and to best advantage, he works as a literary historian. In a representative essay, "Modern Literature and the Conditions of Exile," he explores the implications of cultural dislocation and the paradox that an experience of exile has often led to a renewal of a writer's imaginative life. With rare cosmopolitanism, Berthoff moves across a dozen countries and a score of lives, citing not only the publicized cases of Hemingway, Pound, and Nabokov, but also the less familiar examples of Léopold Senghor, Léon Damas, and Aimé Césaire. Another piece, called "Traditions and Talents," delicately sorts out the perils and benefits of being an American provincial, a man whose "unfamiliarity with the letter pledges him prematurely to the spirit." Going further back in time, Berthoff explains the genesis of Emerson's *Nature*, skillfully accounting for the pleasures and irritations of the great transcendentalist's "dialectical lyric." Here, as elsewhere in the historical essays, judiciousness and learning are matched by a lively style. An appreciation of Sarah Orne Jewett and a provocative evaluation of Edmund Wilson's *Patriotic Gore* are also enlivened by this same combination of gifts.

When he appears in other roles, however, Berthoff's authority is less secure. Unlike most literary historians, who are satisfied to explain how the social facts of life shape works of art, Berthoff likes to theorize about more abstract issues. In a characteristic instance, he explains why we study literature. After reviewing a number of classical answers to this question, he moves on to a conclusion that strikes me as being partial, donnish, and disappointing: "Thus the distinctive use of literature, among all the conceivable incidental uses, is to mirror and confirm our creaturely participation in the dimension of historical, the dimension of elected and continuing life." Similarly, a recondite essay on the theory of fiction (in which key terms tend to float free of specification) also ends on an unpersuasive note. After a cagey approach to an elusive subject, Berthoff tells us that the greatest novels are those which open themselves "to the modality of the mythic," a vague, fashionable doctrine that hardly helps us with books like *Pride and Prejudice* or *The Ambassadors*.



Some of this same unsteadiness appears in Berthoff's evaluations of very recent books, or in his occasional attempts to predict our cultural future. Despite his wide reading and analytical skill, he sometimes gets effects in reverse of those he intended (partly, I think, because of his passionate desire for literature to survive and be good). In a lengthy piece on Iris Murdoch, he catalogues the many flaws of her novels with convincing wit and exactitude, yet —because he admires her intentions— ends by using language of a kind he would never employ for Melville or Hawthorne: ". . . she has become a writer whom anyone concerned with the immediate future of literature must come to terms with; she stands at present for as effectively reasoned a program of creative renewal as exists in the English-speaking world."

Still, for all its patchiness, *Fictions and Events* is a book jammed with bright ideas and stimulating opinions. And even when he is unconvincing or extravagant, Warner Berthoff demonstrates valuable gifts: wide learning, a complex sense of cause and effect, and an urgent, enlightened moral concern.

Lawrence Graver is a member of the literature faculty at Williams College.

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"Tracy and Hepburn"

Continued from page 29

tor why his name preceded Hepburn's on the billing of movies that featured both stars, Tracy replied: "This is a movie, chowderhead, not a lifeboat." It also reveals that Hepburn is not above an occasional lie to a good purpose. Since she did not want to admit to Cary Grant that she disliked his latest film, she denied seeing it. Since a number of Grant's friends had seen her at a screening, he angrily accused her of lying. With deep emotion Kate swore an oath, on her mother's life, that she had not been present. Grant, nonplussed, retreated. Later, Kanin, who had been her companion at the screening, asked how she could lie on her mother's life. Hepburn shrugged it off. "It's an arrangement I have with my mother. She swears on my life, too. All the time."

Some of the scenes in this book seem slight, standing alone, as they frequently do, in a book that moves back and forth in time, lacking continuity. Heavier than Cerf, lighter than Boswell, this is, however, a generally perceptive and entertaining memoir.

Robert Hector, formerly a publicist in the theater, is now a publisher.

WIT TWISTER #251

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The haddock thinks — — — — —
— secure at sea

And scorns the fishing boat the
ocean tosses;

And yet tomorrow, its — — — —
— — will be

Sliced up to — — — — — — under
heavy sauces.

—A.S.

(Answer on page 55)

AN ORDINARY DOG IN AMERICA EATS BETTER THAN SHE DOES.

Cristina eats whatever she can find in the garbage. And that is far less than some prowling dog would find in your garbage can.

For just $12 a month, you can save such a child.

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But there's not a moment to lose. Every 60 seconds, five or six more children will die from starvation.

Write direct to Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood. Children, Incorporated, Box 5381, Dept. SR-1, Richmond, Va. 23220.

I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐ girl ☐ in _____.
(Name of Country)

I will pay $12 a month ($144 a year). Enclosed is my gift for ☐ a full year ☐ the first month. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.

I understand that I can correspond with my child, and continue the "adoption" longer than one year if I wish. Also, I may discontinue the "adoption" at any time.

☐ I cannot "adopt" a child, but want to help $ _____.
☐ Or, I will pledge $ _____ per month.
☐ Please send me further information.
☐ If for a group, please specify _____.
(Church, Class, Civic School, Business, etc.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

You can "adopt" a child from any of the following countries: Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Guatemala, Honduras, Hong Kong, India, Iran, Japan, Korea, Lebanon, Mexico, Nigeria, Paraguay, Peru, Syria, Thailand, U.S.A.—Appalachian children or American Indians. (Or a child of greatest need.) All gifts are fully tax deductible.

CHILDREN, INCORPORATED

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Public Joy and Private Terror

Is it not amazing that the newest Broadway hit musical is *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, a casual spoof based on one of Shakespeare's least often produced comedies? Nevertheless, this romp, which is the combined work of playwright-lyricist John Guare, director-co-adaptor Mel Shapiro, and composer Galt MacDermot, appears to be delighting audiences at the chic 1,609-seat St. James Theater in much the same way that it did in Central Park last summer (*SR*, Aug. 21). The Broadway version doesn't seem quite as reverberantly eruptive as was the outdoor fiesta, but the plot has now been simplified to the point where the audience feels more comfortable with the mixture of Shakespeare dialogue and colloquial nonsense that has been so unabashedly and inventively created.

The real heroes of the evening are not Guare, who is obviously enjoying a vacation from writing such profound plays as *Muzeeka* and *The House of Blue Leaves*, and MacDermot, whose tunes here are less catchy than several of the ones he wrote for *Hair*. Rather, they are the performers themselves, all of whom seem imbued with the spirit of the New York Shakespeare Festival. They have come simply to share their earthiness and good nature with theatergoers badly in need of just this kind of refreshment. Chief contributor is Raul Julia, who plays the fickle and selfish Proteus. This engaging actor is the soul of blithe amorality as he sings in calypso style, "I want my best friend to be happy, but not happier than me." Jonelle Allen makes an impulsive Sylvia, who does everything, including falling in and out of love, like a rabbit. Clifton Davis as the trusting Valentine and Diana Davila as the naïve Julia are attractive, too. And funniest of all is Frank O'Brien, who, as Thurio, provides a ridiculous burlesque of vanity and romantic delusion.

Amid Ming Cho Lee's maze of fire escapes, the proceedings are light as a summer breeze and offer Broadway audiences a merrily zany respite from the pressures of daily logic or neurotic romantic entanglements.

Off-Broadway at the Public Theater, the New York Shakespeare Festival is presenting Richard Wesley's *The Black Terror*, a play that looks objectively at black militancy and black revolution. Because the actors are black and the audience is predominantly white, we sense immediately that in enacting the author's script the actors will also be coming to terms with their own hostility toward "white oppression" and their own inner conflict between natural human responses and the obligation to bring about social change.

Under Nathan George's direction, the evening begins with a ceremonial dance in which the brothers and sisters work themselves up into a frenzy of militancy that stops inches short of physical attack on the people in the first row. At the end of this ceremony, two characters, a Vietnam War veteran named Keusi and a bitter young woman named M'Balia, pledge themselves to the project of assassinating a police chief who has organized a special unit of Night Rangers to raid and eliminate black revolutionary groups.

However, we soon discover that Keusi is an instinctual man, a superb animal with drives of sex and survival. He knows from his war experience that cunning is a more valuable attribute than zeal. He also knows from the success of the Vietcong that a guerrilla revolution is best sustained when the revolutionists escape after their raids. His common-sense attitude infuriates M'Balia, who is so indoctrinated with revolutionary dogma that she compulsively overrules her personal feelings. When Keusi suggests that a little sexual pleasure might be nice, she rejects him with a speech about her devotion to the higher cause of revolution. Disappointed but not convinced, Keusi shakes his head and mutters, "Yeah. Okay, mama."

A few days later the patient Keusi manages to break through. M'Balia has served supper "properly" for the two of them. Keusi reacts by dumping all his food on one plate and eating informally. As he does so, he continues to remind her that she is a woman and that she must need *some* loving *some*time. Then, at the right moment, he makes a physical attack and is temporarily able to penetrate her defenses. It is wonderful theater that beautifully brings to the surface M'Balia's terrible conflict between being both a warm human being and a revolutionist.

This dilemma is not new, but Wesley goes on to make the point that the current black revolution *is* unique and is therefore hampered, not helped, by the blind adoption of the dogma and tactics of other revolutions. Keusi tells M'Balia, "We can't imitate nobody. Not the Vietcong, or Frelimo, or even the Chinese Eighth Route Army. We got to make up a whole new revolution, 'cause, unlike other revolutions, we're in a minority and a highly visible one at that. All the Beast gotta do is cage us in, surround us, and exterminate us."

M'Balia cannot refute Keusi's pragmatism. She can only proclaim, "No more generations of black children will be born into a country that kills and oppresses us in the manner that this does. We must have our manhood and womanhood, and we must have it now, or America will simply have to die."

Although M'Balia is the play's protagonist, Keusi, who is finally forced to leave her and the black terrorist movement and look for some more satisfactory way to pursue the revolution, becomes the character we find most compelling and sympathetic. Hopefully, the humanistic Keusi, with his instinct for survival and his flexibility, will find a way to achieve a positive and constructive new society. Nevertheless, *The Black Terror* predicts otherwise. The play ends violently with what we assume is the start of mass extermination of all militant blacks.

To avoid the sterility that can attend a thesis play full of repeated political argument, many of the actors underplay their lines. Most effective is Kain, whose soft-speaking Keusi provides a humorous counterpoint to the sloganizing around him. He consistently resists rising to heroics and thereby creates an utterly real man of courage. Susan Batson gives us a fiercely reined-in M'Balia. Although her private struggle sometimes seems more important to her than fulfilling the dramatic shape of the play, her inner lamp burns hot in every scene. Don Blakely's Geronimo is a strong portrait of the stupidity of blind revolutionary zeal.

One comes away from this performance with the feeling that the cast is torn between the pleasure of theatrically expressing its emotions and the pain of probing its private fears. Yet, in making these fears public in such a reasonable way, *The Black Terror* emerges as a remarkably genuine and deeply frightening dramatic statement.

ODESSA, TEXAS

The Globe of the Great Southwest Theatre closed its 1971 season with an especially interesting production. The Globe's director, Charles McCally, persuaded Julie Haydon, who played Laura in the original Broadway production of Tennessee Williams's *The Glass Menagerie* twenty-seven years ago, to attempt the role of Amanda, played in 1944 by the late Laurette Taylor. Although Miss Haydon used some of the emendations made in the script by her illustrious predecessor, she did not imitate. Rather, she stressed the comic possibilities of the role, and, with help from a fine cast, it worked splendidly.

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COMMUNICATIONS

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Murder on Television And the Fourteen-Year-Old

At the recent annual meeting of the American Academy of Pediatrics, Dr. Gerald L. Looney of the University of Arizona reported a study showing that the average prekindergarten child spends more than 60 per cent of his waking time before a television set. By the time he goes to kindergarten the child will have devoted more hours to watching television than a student spends in four years of college classes.

Dr. Looney cited television research studies proving beyond a shadow of doubt that over the past two decades the historical primacy of teachers and parents has been usurped by the electronic intruder. The medical profession, says Dr. Looney, still has not awakened to the good and bad effects of television and its pervasiveness. He does not advocate banning television for children, because there is too much potential for good in television. But he does say that the American medical profession has overslept for a quarter of a century and lamentably lacks any sort of research on how so much TV affects both young and old.

As we have said many times in this space, the propensity for violence on TV continues apace and never seems to change overmuch in spite of obvious psychological connections between violent programing and the unbelievable rise in brutality on the streets. In a recent survey, *Christian Science Monitor* staff members recorded, in seventy-four hours of prime time viewing during one week, 217 incidents and threats of violence and 125 killings and murders in full view of the video audience. This is a slight increase over the number of violent incidents tabulated in a similar *Monitor* survey in 1968, despite the networks' public promises without end that violence on television would be reduced.

The Arizona TV studies have found that by the age of fourteen a child has seen 18,000 human beings killed on television. By the time a boy or girl gets through high school, he or she has seen 350,000 commercials, many of them of dubious content and value. Dr. Looney also reports that the average adult now spends ten years of his life watching television, a physical as well as psychological fact scarcely touched upon so far by medical and psychiatric research.

It is not our purpose here, nor has it ever been, to denigrate TV simply because it's a rival medium and takes advertising money the magazine business used to get. Television is the greatest medium of communication ever devised in the mind of man, instantaneous sight and sound combined now with color to form an incomparable means of educating and informing everyone in a democracy. Nine-and-a-half families out of ten in the United States now own at least one TV set, often to the detriment of the more basic requirements of a healthy life. And the impact of video in color, high frequency audio at a level above most interference, and instant transmission across vast distances add up to the perfect way to communicate, to persuade, to improve, and to teach.

But this is not what U.S. television does much of the time, as we have frequently editorialized in these pages over the past decade. Situation comedy so stilted, forced, and unreal as to be an insult to the viewer is rammed down

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his throat night after night, year after year. Most of it is badly written, woodenly conceived, at a cultural level our grandparents would have derisively ridiculed. People still read (mostly nonfiction), make music, play card games, and talk of an evening. Yet, what is happening to the average U.S. family is a kind of creeping narcosis that eventually dulls any original sense of values and makes of young and old observers instead of participants, robots instead of reasoning beings, conformists, not individuals. Add in the disastrous element of never-ending violence and we've got ourselves a monumental sociological problem. But then, as *Television Quarterly* once observed, watching TV is like making love—not a reasoning activity. The very addictive quality hooks us and makes the problem greater still.

Senator John O. Pastore of Rhode Island conducted a series of incisive hearings in 1969 on the subject of television violence and its relation to TV addiction and rising crime rates. His findings were so conclusive and telling that they constituted a warning to TV chieftains to curb violence—or else! He pointed out to the recalcitrant networks that, though they had a lovely code demanding that such subjects as violence and sex be presented without undue emphasis, the TV industry hadn't begun to enforce it. He suggested that broadcasters curb themselves and their pervasive product with self-enforced industry standards as did baseball and, once upon a time, the film industry. Though it is doubtful that a Congressional investigation ever has much lasting effect in the social mirror, the Pastore committee's findings rang so true and were so well documented that no one in the industry should have taken them lightly or brushed them off. But that apparently is precisely what has happened since the Pastore committee report came out—which only intensifies the thrust of Fred Allen's famous remark: "Television is a triumph of equipment over people." R.L.T.

Playing Their Game

The basic premise of the television commercial is that it is a game everyone is willing to play. How pleasant it is to have a problem presented and solved before our eyes; it is inconceivable that the breath not be sweetened, the hands not softened. The American television commercial is the last stronghold of formula playwriting.

Television Quarterly

Letters to the Communications Editor

Maybe We Should Have Listened

In regard to R.L.T.'s editorial "What We Don't Know Will Hurt Us" [*SR*, Nov. 13], he questions at one point, "Why didn't we hear about all this Pentagon chicanery in the first place?" He would have more accurately stated the case by asking why we didn't listen. As a university student from 1965 until 1969, an SDS member, and a staff member of my university's newspaper, I was exposed to much of the information contained in the Pentagon Papers. This information came from many sources, such as the Liberation News Service (just touched on quickly in your article on the alternate media), the SDS before its self-destruction, and what could best be described as an underground grapevine, consisting of returned veterans, radicals, and similar "malcontents."

A rational reading of the history of American involvement in Vietnam should have been enough to convince most people that the stories being ladled out in the media could not possibly be true. While many of the facts in the Pentagon Papers had been rumors and theories previously, often impossible to substantiate, they were known to anyone who wanted to listen. Not only did the media fail to discover the truth, the American people failed to believe their children, preferring the much more comfortable stories put out front by the respectable ones. It is a very sad, small comfort to be able to say, six years and countless deaths later, "We told you so," but that is the truth of the matter.

J. Gregory Pirmann,
Royersford, Pa.

The Reader's Right to Facts

In his article "Can a Good Journalist Be a Good Citizen?" [*SR*, Nov. 13], John Hohenberg completely ignores one vital element of the world of journalism. What about the *reader's* right to read a newspaper for pure facts? His right to learn simply what happened? Not what some reporter wants him to think about what happened.

Barbara Eveland,
Eustis, Fla.

Death of the "Literary Digest"

Well, I must disagree with Carleton H. Davis's memories of his Uncle Bill's memory of why the *Literary Digest* died [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Nov. 13]. I have memories of my own. My father subscribed, and he showed me the "straw ballot" in 1932: It was a printed form and not, as Mr. Davis says, a telephone call. Imitate *Time*'s "brisk new format"? *Time* "came along" in 1925, didn't it?

Avram Davidson,
Sausalito, Calif.

Letters to the "Daily News"

Recently, I attended a party given by the *Chicago Daily News*, marking the thirtieth anniversary of columnist Syd Harris with that paper. R. L. T.'s "Letters You Write to the Editor" [*SR*, Aug. 14] came up for discussion with chief editorial writer Fred Pannwitt and his top boss, Daryle Feldmier. I mentioned your article, for I happen to have been one of the victims of that prevalent newspaper practice so common to the press.

At that time, an alleged killer of a policeman, all bloodied up, shirt torn, was photographed on his back with a policeman's foot on his chest. This evoked a not uncommon feeling in me that "justice ain't done" and off went my letter to the editor. Yes, the letter was printed but without my qualifying phrases to the effect that, although I deplore and condemn the attack on our policemen, etc., etc. With the printing of that letter, I qualified myself as a chief celebrant of a lynching party. People called and wrote, excoriating me as a "cop-killer lover."

When I protested in person, Fred Pannwitt patiently explained to me the technicalities and exigencies of newspapering. Unfortunately, I didn't know what R.L.T. knows, or if I had, the heat of that moment curdled my brain and inhibited my thinking ability. As you see, I survived that moment and was subsequently able to join Messrs. Pannwitt and Feldmier for an hour or two of conviviality.

Julius Braun,
Chicago, Ill.

Preparing Obits in Nashville

Alden Whitman's article on advanced obituary writing "So You Want to Be an Obit Writer" [*SR*, Dec. 11] was enjoyed by this old pro obit writer. Mr. Whitman's claim that *The New York Times* took the first crack at such an approach may be correct, but I do want to pitch in two cents for the *Nashville Tennessean*, of which I am a staff member, for its entry into this unique field.

For years way back, Coleman Harwell, then editor of the *Tennessean*, got the idea of preparing advanced obituaries on the prominent citizens of Tennessee. Several reporters (myself included) had the special assignment of selecting these persons, arranging interviews with them, and writing colorful biographies of them. It was an assignment that I tackled with a wishy-washy feeling at first but later found to be a delight. Those interviewed warmed up to me in no time (knowing damned well what it was all about) and gave me many "insignificant" facets of their lives that made the obits sparkle. Once in a while, I catch an obit in the *Tennessean*, plucked out of the morgue (newspaper library, for the uninitiated), bearing the crusty markings of a style long gone from me. And I wonder: How did I do it?

I might add here that the *Tennessean* each week gives the President's Award to the most outstanding news story or feature by a staff writer in the preceding week's issue. It's $10 and youthful prestige. As far as I know, I was the only reporter who ever won it three times—for obituaries. And that's blowing a dead horn.

Ted Solinski,
Nashville, Tenn.

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Make Way for the New China Hands

by JOHN HOHENBERG

One of the most eminent of American policymakers recently asked a correspondent newly returned from Peking: "What in the world is going on in China?" To which the astonished correspondent replied: "If *you* don't know, then we are indeed lost."

The position is distressingly familiar. Almost on the eve of President Nixon's scheduled departure for Peking with the elite of the Washington press corps, the pattern of American confusion over China persists in very large areas of government, the press, and the public. Nor is it conceivable that American misconceptions of China over the past quarter century or more are going to be swept away in a single week of Presidential exploration. On the contrary, taking some of the witless official "guidance" and resultant coverage of Peking's entry into the United Nations as an example, the confusion even may be compounded.

The news media have done very little about this to date, apparently on the assumption that not much can be done and the public isn't very interested in any event. The evidence would appear to indicate, however, that the assumption of a public that is committed to ignorance is far from valid. A considerable segment of American public opinion has been fascinated by the surfacing of the White House's private wizard, Dr. Henry Kissinger, and his two probing missions to Peking. Even more to the point, there has been a substantial and gratifying public reaction to such notable journalistic feats as James Reston's tape-recorded interview with Premier Chou En-lai.

Public opinion in the United States in 1972 may be confined by circumstances to the disheartening range between puzzlement and downright ignorance about China, but it is scarcely likely to be stampeded any longer by loud cries of anguish from Chiang Kai-shek or wails from his fading lobbyists that communism will overwhelm us all. A very large crimson banner with the five gold stars of Mao Tse-tung's China fluttered for weeks outside the Chinese delegation's quarters at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York without undermining the Republic. Nor has the presence of Chinese diplomats in the nation's largest city created any security problem, except for the New York police who are charged with protecting the entire U.N. diplomatic corps from the unwelcome attentions of muggers, robbers, and others peculiarly American in character.

In Adlai Stevenson's phrase, it is a time to talk sense to the American people about China, but pitifully few are attempting to do it. President Nixon, for understandable reasons, has limited his formal announcements to the bare bones of brief official communiqués. While preparing to visit a country in which the heir to supreme power and numerous military leaders have apparently fallen from grace, he doesn't want to make things more difficult for his hosts than they already are. The State Department and the Pentagon, worried about the respective roles of China and the Soviet Union in the India-Pakistan conflict, are even more tight-lipped. And the Chinese themselves, by character and disposition, keep their own counsel as long as they can.

It is readily apparent by process of elimination, therefore, that the American news media are going to have to do a good deal more than they have in the past about the China story, not merely before and during the President's visit, but for a long time thereafter. Moreover, because of the limitations of television, the press will have to take on most of the intricate detailed coverage of the expanding relationship between the United States and China. For if American public opinion is indeed to be a positive factor in this nation's future calculations, there is no other independent trustworthy source to which the public can turn for reliable information.

The disinterested proprietors who are prepared to staff and fund their newspapers and magazines to do the job should not expect to be thanked for making the effort, however. Even today, critics in government and among the younger China scholars in academe are making pointed comments about the competence of the press to understand Sino-American relations, let alone interpret them.

Taken as a whole, it is perfectly true that the press's record in Chinese affairs has not been brilliant. In the days when Senator Joseph R. McCarthy was tearing apart the State Department's China service because some of its leaders correctly forecast the downfall of Chiang Kai-shek, there were not many newspapers that dared print even a kind word for the victims of the purge. In addition, Chiang Kai-shek had a built-in cheering section among major newspapers and magazines that insisted somehow that "we" had lost China, although China was never ours to lose. Nor did the radio and television networks do much to oppose the trend, with the exception of a few courageous figures such as Edward R. Murrow and Eric Sevareid.

As late as the mid-1960s, when I made several trips to the Indo-Pacific, correspondents in Asia were saying that the only two stories in which American editors showed any consistent interest were the Vietnam War and threats of military action by Peking. The Americans who chose to sit it out in Hong Kong as China-watchers, therefore, had a pretty bad time and scant opportunity to tell the story as they saw it. Only after editors and publishers faced up to reality, following the schism between China and the Soviet Union, was there a discernible change in the tone of much of the material written about Sino-American affairs for the American press. Yet, with few exceptions, the coverage of the cultural revolution and its aftermath was spotty at best and even today is scarcely satisfactory to knowledgeable readers. In fact, the available material about China in the American news media is still thin, outside that in a handful of major newspapers with first-rate correspondents, some of the news magazine cover stories, an occasional documentary, such as Theodore H. White's TV special, and the interpretive wire service articles that are seldom used.

This would amount to a considerable indictment if it were not for the virtual paralysis that also has afflicted the China service within the government and the China studies programs of the great universities of the United States for most of the past twenty years. To expect the nation's press to move forward en masse in such a situation would be unrealistic in the extreme. For example, it was not very long ago that a reasonably knowledgeable correspondent was astonished to hear one of Dr. Kissinger's resident experts begin a private briefing as follows: "China is a country of 800 million people bounded on the north by. . . ." The

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correspondent politely but firmly began to ask questions without learning much more than he had known in the first place.

In recent months the government has become somewhat more liberal with information from intelligence sources, issued to selected correspondents in background briefings, but no one pretends to be satisfied with either the accuracy of the information or the frequency with which it is issued. The universities, on the whole, have done a much better job in reviving their long-dormant or static China studies programs. In some instances, the change in the preparation of graduate students has been remarkable; in consequence, there is now no shortage of prospective China correspondents with reasonable preparation for their task.

What is lacking is the opportunity to conduct a consistent program of correspondence about China from China through continuous observation and firsthand sources on a long-term basis —something the American news media have not been able to do for more than two decades. For regardless of how many "inside" sources a correspondent may have in Hong Kong, Washington, Tokyo, or Moscow, the firmest information about China must inevitably come from the Chinese government through its official announcements, its official publications and radio, and its official news service. These, taken together with on-the-spot observations by correspondents of good background and discernment, constitute the basis of any decent program of correspondence from China.

It is understandable that the Chinese government, following Mao Tse-tung's triumph in 1949, thought it best to dispense with American correspondents on the mainland, particularly during the Korean War. What always has been difficult to understand is the position of the United States government, as enunciated by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, who after the Korean War refused to consider a request by the American press to grant visas for correspondents to China. When in 1957 he agreed under pressure to permit a small pool of American correspondents to apply, nobody—including the Chinese government—was satisfied.

"I cannot escape the feeling that the administration is abridging the freedom of the press and using the press as an instrument in its diplomacy," wrote Arthur Hays Sulzberger, the publisher of *The New York Times*. To this, Dulles retorted that an influx of American correspondents into China would "gravely imperil" the United States, and he called on Sulzberger and his fellow publishers to accept "certain restraints." The Associated Press managing editors protested: "How can we call the AP a worldwide service if we don't cover China?" And others took up the battle from there.

Dulles finally agreed to permit representatives of twenty-four newspapers and news services, one per organization, to enter China provided each correspondent stayed for a minimum of six months. But by that time Peking had wearied of the American journalistic-political charade and the effort proved worthless. Interest in the direct coverage of China languished, particularly after the escalation of the Vietnam War in 1965, because it was abundantly clear that American correspondents would not be welcome.

The American news media continued to get news from inside China through British, French, Canadian, Japanese, and other assorted sources until Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai determined to take China into the United Nations last year. The admission of the American Ping-pong team on April 10 provided Chou with an opportunity to break down a few barriers, and he took it gracefully, inviting accredited, regular correspondents from the United States to visit China for the first time in twenty-two years. To one of the last of the old China hands, John Roderick of the AP, the smiling Premier said: "Mr. Roderick, you have opened the door."

And so it turned out. During the remainder of 1971, a few more American correspondents were allowed in from time to time on a carefully selective basis. Before each group, Chou addressed himself with skill and wisdom to a presentation of China's problems, aims, and aspirations as well as Chinese differences with the United States, the Soviet Union, and Japan. It was during this exercise that Dr. Kissinger arranged for President Nixon's visit, which then became the occasion for the admission for a week of several score American correspondents. The triumphant admission of China to the United Nations over unexpectedly weak American opposition actually enhanced the opportunities for a discussion of Sino-American relations at the summit instead of dampening the purpose of the visit.

Unless the conflicts in South Asia and the Middle East take a dramatic and unexpected turn, there is every reason to believe now that President Nixon will be able to go through with his plans. However, in view of the care with which administration briefers are trying to reduce public expectations, it is obvious that the President can't hope for many concrete results from his one-week journey. As such things go, whatever agreements that may be possible are generally worked out in advance, then sealed by the principals after a certain amount of pro forma talk. But since Mr. Nixon has no bargains to offer and the Chinese aren't likely to give anything away, particularly in Vietnam, it is difficult to determine what he can hope to achieve—with one exception.

That exception is in the area of improved communications between the United States and China, including the long-deferred exchange of correspondents. As it turns out, two correspondents for Hsinhua, the New China News Agency, accompanied the Chinese delegation to the United Nations and were well and favorably received at the green glass house beside the East River. Technically, they are on international territory; actually, they are living in New York City and they have the right, in common with their fellow Chinese from Peking, to travel within prescribed limits.

It would scarcely seem to take very much diplomatic effort, therefore, for Mr. Nixon to establish sufficient rapport with Premier Chou to permit a limited number of permanent correspondents from the United States to take up residence in Peking in return for the admission of a like number of Chinese correspondents to the United States. This is one move the American news media could support now, well in advance of the President's departure, to emphasize their own interest in the project. It would help, too, if there were some real show of backing from American public opinion in the form of encouragement by Congress and by the numerous organizations interested in foreign affairs.

After all the troubled vicissitudes of Sino-American relations during and since the Korean War, this is too good a chance for the news media to miss. Nor can the universities with China studies programs fail to be interested in the outcome of the effort; for, if an exchange of correspondents can be arranged, it may prove eventually to be that much easier to handle informal educational and cultural exchanges.

The lack of diplomatic relations between the United States and China could be a hang-up for any exchange program, of course, if either Washington or Peking wishes to dodge the issue. But at a far worse time in U.S.-Soviet relations, before diplomatic recognition in 1933, American correspondents were touring Russia and the Ukraine and reporting horrendous stories of famine and purges. Even today, despite all the stresses and strains between Washington and Moscow, some two dozen correspondents from each country are permanently stationed in the capital of the other. It is reasonable to expect, therefore, that perhaps half that number may be exchanged at the outset between the United States and China.

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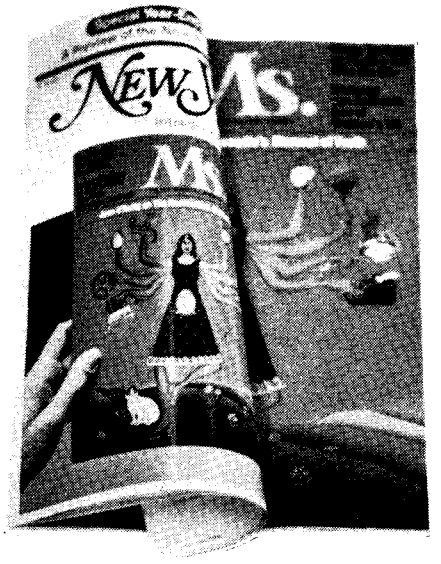
Ms.

by PAMELA HOWARD



and the Journalism of Women's Lib

First there was Gloria beaming in leonine splendor on the cover of *Newsweek*. Now, slightly more poised, the "great stoneface," as she calls herself, once again adorns newsstands across the country—this time on the cover of *McCall's*.

In the past six months, there have been so many articles about Gloria Steinem as lecturer, writer, feminist, and politician that it is almost impossible to keep track. The media groundswell, however, is not hard to understand when you remember she has virtually grown up working in the communications business, knows just about everyone there is to know in it, and, more important, is as adept as a slalom skier as she maneuvers among reporters. For this reason, and many more having to do with humanity, peace, and the Women's Movement, it should come as no surprise that Gloria has started her own magazine: *Ms.* It makes sense, really. What better way is there for getting across the message of the Women's Movement than to use communications as a tool.

Ms. (a new term to indicate female as Mr. indicates male; it is pronounced *miz* or *miss*) is one of the most recent and probably the most visible of a whole new group of women's magazines that have come on the market in the last two years. The others are *Up From Under*, *New Woman*, *Progressive Woman*, *Essence*, and *You*. The growth of these magazines is an exciting and encouraging development, particularly at a time when young women writers have been finding they have few, if any, honest outlets for their work. Most of the women I know don't read women's magazines or have never written for one they have read. Let me explain why.

Ten years ago, I dreamed about becoming editor-in-chief of a woman's magazine. Accordingly, I went to work at one of the largest in the country, only to find that all the Katharine Hepburn roles were filled by short men. Disillusioned, I changed my image overnight to basic Brenda Starr and forged ahead into the newspaper world —a place I'd been programed to think was for men only. The reason, I suppose, was simple. I wanted to participate and work in the real world.

For women like myself who were not married but worked at professions, did not have children or houses with automated, color-coordinated kitchens but two-rooms-with-a-kitchenette apartments where they hung their clothes and piled their books, the conventional women's magazines had nothing to offer. Edited and run by men, they were permeated with the "*Kinder, Küche, Kirche*" drivel that was totally irrelevant. As Betty Friedan asked in *The Feminine Mystique*, what intelligent woman wanted to read about Edna St. Vincent Millay's cooking?

Now, however, the new magazines in the women's field are forcing women to re-examine their roles in society, informing readers of their rights, and, finally, giving women writers a challenging arena in which they can express themselves honestly. No longer do women have to contend with women's magazines that offer little more than simple-minded advice on how to make better candied popcorn balls at Christmas, or how to avoid those once-a-month blues.

How, exactly, has this transformation come about? First, there were the marathon consciousness-raising sessions in which women shared their common experiences and frustrations and subsequently became united. Out of these discussions, organizations were built around issues like abortion, equal rights, day-care, politics, and media. As women began to re-examine themselves, they started working to reshape society.

Women have had a long haul, but remember that the abortion bill was passed in New York after a mere three years of hard work. (It took seventy years for women to get the vote.) Another indication of the changing values in our society was illustrated recently by a reader survey completed by *Progressive Woman*. Only 4 per cent of the readers of that new Midwestern magazine for women put down the word "housewife" when asked to describe their occupations. Right on, Sisters!

Though none of the new magazines I've mentioned above claim to be movement magazines, they are unquestionably a direct outgrowth of the Women's (in the case of *Essence*, the black women's) Movement. The range is wide, from the well-edited, literary "pioneer in consumer publication" that *Ms.* professes to be to the deliberately sexy "blending of the elegant with the relevant" for which *New Woman* aims. *You* and *Essence* lie somewhere in between. *Up From Under* is really in a field all by itself, being the only journal for women that is noncommercial and run totally by lower-middle-class workingwomen or housewives.

Getting these magazines into production has been an exhilarating experience for all the women involved. Even Helen Gurley Brown, editor of *Cosmopolitan*, admires their courage. "I never had to worry about advertising and production and printing," says the birdlike Ms. Brown, who is credited by some for having made Gargantuan innovations in reshaping the format and content of women's magazines. "I always devote myself to ideas."

At the *Ms.* offices a few weeks ago there was the same kind of electricity that crackles through the air at the opening of a play. Stacks of empty coffee containers, charts, tensions, frenetic activity, last-minute copy changes, laughter, tears, and finally the product—first a forty-four-page preview wrapped and presented by *New York*

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magazine in its December 15 issue, then a 104-page solo by *Ms.* this month with a 250,000 press run specially priced at $1.50. When it prints again in early summer, the newsstand price will be $1.

"It is as difficult to change the character of a magazine as it is to change the character of a person," Ms. Steinem says when she is asked why she decided to start her own magazine. Like other women journalists, she had had a history of bad experiences with women's magazines, including the time when she was working at the *Ladies' Home Journal* and an editor handed her a story and said: "Pretend you're a woman and read this."

Ms. was conceived a year ago when Gloria held a meeting at her New York apartment with several women writers to discuss the idea of a national magazine edited totally by women. After subsequent meetings that included an introduction to Elizabeth Forsling Harris (formerly a *Newsweek* editor and a vice president of CRM, Inc., publishers of *Psychology Today* and *Intellectual Digest*) and the promise of seed money, Ms. Steinem went to work.

Gloria and Ms. Harris have formed a corporation called Majority Enterprises, Inc. Ms. Steinem is editor and president; Ms. Harris is publisher and chairman of the board. Together they hold controlling interest, though there will be some minority stockholders. The cost to *New York* for the preview and the January issue is reportedly $90,000. *Ms.* and *New York* will split the profits.

According to its publisher, *Ms.* is attempting "to communicate the commonality of feeling among women around the country. It will attempt to show them they are not alone in their anger and frustration and that the same feelings are being experienced by all sorts of women." For too long, says Ms. Steinem, women have been "sanitized, deodorized, slicked up, and fixed up" in the old magazines. *Ms.* will not identify them in terms of their roles as lovers, mothers, or even workers or professionals. They will be dealt with as human beings.

The tired old question about reverse chauvinism inevitably comes up in discussions about *Ms.* and its policy to hire women wherever possible—unless there is positively no woman who can do the job. (I might point out here that some aspects of the magazine business such as advertising and circulation have been dominated by men to such an extent that women have never had an opportunity to do more than respond like Pavlov's dog to the chores of telephoning, typing, and xeroxing.)

Left to right: Elizabeth Forsling Harris and Gloria Steinem, creators of "Ms." Ms. Harris is publisher and chairman, Ms. Steinem editor and president.

The answer then is: Yes, there will be a bias toward women at *Ms.* (as there should be at all woman's magazines), although men *will* write and work for the magazine as long as their ambitions and goals are in line with those of the women running it.

Critics will be quick to label *Ms.* "another one of those cause magazines," but I think it could more accurately be called a forum for women who are exploring new ways of living. Editorial content will reflect women's rising awareness of their changing role in the world, the reasons for change, and the consequences to women, to life-styles, and to society.

The magazine will also act as a consciousness-raising guide for women, men, and advertisers. Women will no longer feel they are being put down by one of their magazines; no longer will they have to be confronted by demeaning advertisements like those for vaginal deodorants.

This same philosophic description might be applied to *Up From Under*, which considers itself completely antithetical to *Ms.* or any other woman's magazine. Run by a nine-woman collective in New York, *Up From Under* is a solid, direct magazine that guides women through the drudgery of their lives without giving them any froth.

"Our advice," says Ellen Maslow, a member of the collective, "is that women get together with other women and do it themselves within their own communities." *Up From Under* costs 60 cents, prints about five times a year, and is available by mail only. Socialist in orientation, it is low-key and practical with features on such topics as how to start a play group and how to fix a toilet, as well as medical articles covering ovulation and menstruation.

Some members of the collective are skeptical about the motivation of magazines like *Ms.* and the people who run them. "When I see these fancy-shmancy types moving in, it really disgusts me," says one of the women. "It's so exploitive and cynical. All those things that people went through in the early years of the Movement—discussions about abortions and breaking up with men. Those women who are in the spotlight now don't have any feeling. Gloria Steinem should really demand that a woman from the Telephone Company go on the *Dick Cavett Show* instead of appearing herself all the time. Now Germaine Greer is going to appear in the nude centerfold of *Playboy*. Where's that at?"

One of the problems facing some of the new women's magazines is that of distinguishing where the fine line is drawn between talking about sex and being "sexy" and sensational in appearance. *Ms.*'s first cover is a prime example of how not to fall into the trap. The painting shows a Dali-esque woman with eight arms, a household utensil in each fist, tears cascading down her cheeks, and an infant propped up in her stomach.

New Woman, on the other hand, is a magazine that intends to be sexy and shocking, according to consulting editor Caroline Bird. Though its articles are slightly less flip than *Cosmopolitan*'s, *New Woman* can safely be called the *Playboy* of the new woman's magazines. Among the more opprobrious features are nude male centerfolds, full-page pictures of nude women and

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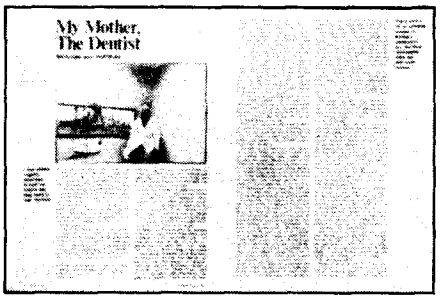

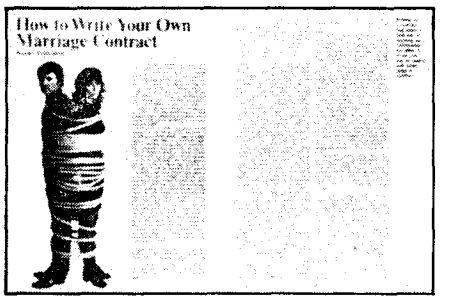

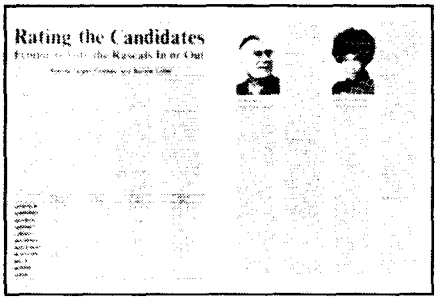

families bathing together in one tub.

One would think of these features as something more appealing to an old man than a new woman, but who knows?

New Woman's covers, like *Cosmopolitan*'s, are generally alluring photographs of beautiful, voluptuous women. The difference is that *Cosmopolitan* usually shows them bare-breasted and crops the photographs at the waist or hips. *New Woman*, so far, has cropped at the neck.

In defense of sexploitation, Ms. Bird says, "We're just saying women can have as exciting sex lives as men." The magazine says it gives women a choice —in life-styles, careers, and, for that matter, feminine hygiene deodorants.

New Woman, which came out late last spring, costs 75 cents, has about 50,000 subscribers now, and is shooting for a circulation of 400,000 by mid-1972. *New Woman* is bright, shiny, colorful, and very rich in quality. Its publisher, Margaret Harold, has been in and out of the publishing business for twenty years. Since April 1968, she has been the president of Allied Publications, which publishes the magazine in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Her husband, Gilbert, is the vice president.

As the new woman's magazine phenomenon grows, so does the woman publisher flourish. In Middlebury, Indiana, Rosalie P. Corson has been publishing *Progressive Woman* since last July. Publisher, president, and sole stockholder in the Corson Publishing Company, Ms. Corson is a former advertising and public relations expert.

Five years prior to founding *Progressive Woman*, the thirty-three-year-old Ms. Corson helped three brothers start a family business. "We started with nothing in 1964," she says, "and became a publicly owned company in 1969. The company soon began earning a tidy profit and currently is providing the financial resources for *Progressive Woman*."

More practical than rhetorical in its approach, *Progressive Woman* aims more for the mature woman who is working rather than merely performing the duties of a housewife. It strives to be "down-to-earth," with articles that can aid women in making their lives work better and more efficiently whether they are single or married. The editorial objective, says Ms. Corson, "is to help women achieve greater opportunities, responsibilities, and rewards. We hope to do this by providing role models, career information, and perspective-building articles on subjects ranging from social issues to travel features."

If *New Woman* is for the sexy sister in the family, *Progressive Woman* is for the sensible one. Articles in this month's issue include close-ups of Shirley Chisholm and journalist Georgie Anne Geyer, features on how to invest in the stock market, a humorous piece on interior decorating and another on "The Liberated Man." The price of the magazine is 75 cents and subscriptions are now at about 10,000 in fifty states despite the fact the magazine does not have national distribution yet.

Although the problems at each are different, I can't overlook the fact that *Essence* and *You*, the two magazines that have suffered the most internal squabbling since they came on the market, are both run by men.

In the case of *Essence*, a black women's magazine that considers the Women's Movement incidental to its inception, the adversities have been more typical of those faced by any black group trying to start a business. (The parallels between the women's and blacks' struggles for recognition should not be overlooked, however.)

Essence's first year of publication was an all-out battle to get financing. Eventually, however, Chase Manhattan Bank offered the magazine a major loan and other institutions (including *Playboy*, which owns 10 per cent of the stock) followed.

To date there have been four editors, and as many internal fights, which finally ceased not too long ago after Ed Lewis, publisher, chief executive, and treasurer of the Hollingsworth Group, which publishes the magazine, fired his partner, Jonathan Blount, and former editor, Ida Lewis.

The schism, says Mr. Lewis, was over power, politics, and personalities. Blount, it seems, wanted to take over control of the magazine with the help of Ms. Lewis. Mr. Lewis finally fired both of them after they allegedly began spreading rumors about how *Playboy* was planning to take over *Essence* and turn it into a magazine filled with black cottontails.

Despite all this inner-office intrigue, *Essence* has survived. By mid-May, when the 60-cent magazine is two years old, it will have a paid circulation of 250,000. Advertising, at first unwilling to go with a black enterprise, has come around, says Lewis, and is leveling off.

All the new magazines are striving for black and minority readership, though it remains to be seen whether they will get it. "I never saw myself in a woman's magazine until *Essence* was created," says its editor, Marcia Gillespie. The thrust of *Essence* is to create a sense of self-awareness and pride among the black women it is trying to reach. The magazine aims at women in urban communities, says Ms. Gillespie, and provides information on home furnishings, fashion, grooming, health, and various personalities.

Black women are not into Women's Liberation, says Ms. Gillespie, who best sums up the magazine's position in a proud, outspoken editorial called "Getting Down" in the January issue. "We are what we are, and if people still wish to make us behave as other women do, or as they think we are supposed to, they will be disappointed."

You, the new magazine for the young woman, has had to overcome its own share of problems—primarily having

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Television and the First Amendment

by FRED W. FRIENDLY

"The spirit of liberty . . . is the spirit which is not too sure it is always right." Judge Learned Hand wrote that, and it's a fitting forward for one willing to take "A Second Sober Look" at the relationship of broadcast journalism to all the protections of the First Amendment.

Last fall, in collaboration with a Columbia law professor, I began teaching a new course, "Journalism and the First Amendment." In preparation for this, I spent the past year re-examining a lifetime of convictions and assumptions concerning the First Amendment and my profession. I have concluded that the First Amendment, like the Bill of Rights, is a cornerstone, but not a completed building. To paraphrase a nineteenth-century professor of Constitutional law, Woodrow Wilson: "It is a root, not a perfect vine. . . . It is the sap-center of a system of government vastly larger than the stock from which it has branched. . . ."

I believe, with all my heart and conscience, in the spirit of the First Amendment. To say that I believe the absolute letter of that law should automatically be applied to twentieth-century technology would be simplistic and unfair to James Madison and his fellow framers of the Bill of Rights. It would be, to borrow from Mrs. Malaprop, "to anticipate the past."

There is every evidence that the drafters of the First Amendment were being purposefully ambiguous. We must resist the temptation to put our own libertarian words in their mouths. The canon, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press. . . ." presupposes a community of equals, which is the very core of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. Yet, when Congress passed the Communications Act of 1934, it implicitly created an electronic community where some citizens are more equal than others.

The premise of the First Amendment is that free expression will flourish as long as: 1) government remains neutral; 2) everyone has the same tools and/or access to those tools. When the government, through the FCC, disturbs that delicate balance and enfranchises several citizens to operate the equivalent of a super public-address system that can, in effect, drown out that multitude of diverse and robust voices, then the ground rules may have been changed. The federal government, because of the limitations of the electromagnetic spectrum, had no choice in the 1920s and 1930s but to issue radio licenses. But in giving some citizens this awesome responsibility and unique privilege, it, by definition, denied these rights to others. The open market place of ideas became more dynamic but limited.

Indeed, the gift of this license can be considered a form of "prior restraint," as the courts have stated, and if one wanted to pursue a legal point, one could argue that the Communications Act and the First Amendment have been on a collision course. The Blackstonian principle against "prior restraint," so simply restated in our First Amendment, foreclosed the divine right of kings and governments to license only selected printers and publications. The Communications Act, although clearly forbidding FCC censorship of radio and television communications, necessarily bestows licenses on some but denies them to most others. The franchise holder, as the gatekeeper to the biggest soapbox in town, becomes an adjudicator of everyone else's First Amendment rights. Walter Lippmann once put it another way: "Suppose there were only three printing presses in the nation, to whom would you give that responsibility?"

The government, having made this major alteration in the system by which we communicate, has an obligation to make certain the system is used well and used enough. To say that is not to imply that the Senate or the House of Representatives or the FCC has any place in the "content" business. It *does* have an obligation to make sure, as Edward R. Murrow once put it, that "licensees don't welch on their promises"—promises not to please all the people all the time, but to use the system to communicate, not just to amuse and to sell goods.

At a time "when what the American people don't know could kill them," high officials who are critical of broadcasters for doing their best remain virtually silent about their worst, which is clearly visible almost every night in prime time. If the Vice President of the United States were one-tenth as concerned with the low level of nighttime entertainment as he is with the performance of Cronkite or Brinkley or Reynolds, his motives might not be so suspect. If some members of Congress were as concerned with the selling of violence and superfluous medicine as they were with *The Selling of the Pentagon*, the debate over slanting the news might be more understandable.

I am far more distressed with attacks on the news media from the Vice President and certain members of Congress than I am with the Communications Commission. Most of the time the FCC has been a tower of Jell-O, more concerned with citizens' band radio and marine frequencies than with the crucial communications that shape our lives. But there have been some notable exceptions. Some of my former colleagues may not like what I am about to say, but the truth is that the threat of government action after the quiz show scandals in 1959 and 1960 is what caused "CBS Reports," NBC's "White Paper," and other documentary programs to be placed on the nighttime schedule. And now that the threat has receded, the programs have gone back to the intellectual ghetto, receiving only occasional nighttime exposure.

When I hear some broadcasters complain about the chilling hand of FCC intervention, I share their concern. But frankly, I perceive very little FCC meddling in newsroom activities. The chilling hand that concerns me far more is the corporate concern for maximizing profit. It is this profit drive that causes the network evening news programs to remain a half hour in length, when every newsman and producer knows full well they should last an hour.

It is the dollar sign, not the government's censorship stamp, that has caused the termination of all weekly scheduled documentaries and public affairs in prime time. The news organizations of the three major networks are capable of far more professional journalism than ever gets on the air, and the frustration of many practitioners is hardly a secret. Vice President Agnew, for all his denunciations of broadcast journalism, has not really influenced the cancellation or abridgment of a single program. The real

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censor remains the high cost of air time.

My position is that the First Amendment should apply to broadcast journalism, but I also believe that the broadcast industry must meet the Bill of Rights halfway. There ought to be an electronic Bill of Rights, but to make that work there would have to be an electronic "Bill of Responsibility." Broadcasters would have to give their professional consciences "equal time" with their corporate balance sheets. The Fairness Doctrine, Section 315, and the FCC's requirements for diverse programing are nothing more than substitutes for this Bill of Responsibility, and they are not adequate. The Fairness Doctrine is awkward to enforce and demeaning to the FCC and the broadcast profession.

I think that the equal-time provision of Section 315 of the Communications Act is counterproductive and causes less public access, less debate, not more. And the programing requirement is sampled only at license renewal time, and even then it is seldom successfully met.

Frankly I don't believe the Fairness Doctrine works very well. If the doctrine is enforced in broad and general terms, it represents no more than the credo of an honest journalist. If—and this has sometimes been the tendency—the doctrine is applied fastidiously by the FCC, the potential for abuse is enormous. In the hands of a lazy management or a timid journalist, the doctrine is a convenient excuse for doing nothing. On balance, I suppose that the Fairness Doctrine is a necessary evil in a technology of scarcity—an ultimate restraint against the broadcaster who might abuse his public trust. But I look forward to the day when, with broad-band cable capacity, we have sufficient television channels so that the doctrine will not be necessary.

Nor do I believe that Congressional or FCC investigators have any place in the newsroom or second-guessing the editing of documentaries. Frank Stanton was on solid ground in refusing to give up film outtakes and other unused material from *The Selling of the Pentagon*. Judging from the number of policy changes made by the Defense Department as a direct result of that broadcast, Mr. Staggers and his subcommittee should be asking why there aren't more investigative documentaries.

Congress has a responsibility to make certain that the long-range promises affecting the public interest are honored. It has no place in the newsroom or in monitoring individual programs. It is unfortunate that the House of Representatives decided that issue on political grounds before the courts had a chance to decide it on Constitutional grounds.

I think the subpoenaing of a reporter's notes, whether he be a print or broadcast reporter, is a futile exercise that is as unproductive as it is unconstitutional. The plain fact is that experienced reporters leave very few relevant facts in their notebooks or on the cutting room floor. Prosecutors looking there for admissible evidence will do better to spend their time in more fruitful pursuits. In truth, the subpoenaing of reporters' notes is attempted much more for harassment than in search of light. Incidentally, I think the Pearson Bill, S1311, is an excellent step in the right direction, but it is really only a beginning.

The use of false press credentials by police officials who seek cover seems to me as fraudulent and dishonest as the false use of police badges by newsmen. Both practices are inexcusable; both should be unlawful.

Repealing the Fairness Doctrine or improvising other patchwork alterations in the communications structure will not reorder the priorities of the First Amendment. Specifically, it is the piecemeal approach that has made us face a situation where Presidents of the United States can avoid debating their challengers by hiding behind the equal-time provisions. It is the absence of an electronic Bill of Rights that caused CBS News to spend far more money and energy defending *The Selling of the Pentagon* than in producing it. It is the absence of an electronic Bill of Responsibilities that necessitates broadcast editors compressing complex issues to such a point that too often they must maximize heat at the expense of light. Television is so unfair to its own journalists in the distribution of air time that it can't possibly be fair to everyone.

It is the lack of an adequate communications policy that requires politicians to mortgage their consciences to raise anywhere from $10,000 to $50,000 for a few minutes of air time, which in most other democracies is provided free to candidates for office. It is the absence of a communications policy that subverts the newly established Public Broadcasting Service to second-class status by denying almost half of our major cities the use of a VHF (very high frequency) public television transmitter. Think of the irony. Congress and the foundations pour tens of millions of dollars of funds into public broadcasting while *Sesame Street*, *The Advocates*, *Masterpiece Theatre*, and the other refreshing public broadcasting programs cannot be seen in approximately 45 per cent of American homes. The Washington-Baltimore area, with a total of seven commercial VHF stations and not one public VHF license, is a constant reminder of the high price we all pay for bad planning.

The situation has reached such proportions that in Los Angeles recently even $15-million raised in the philanthropic and business worlds, could not ransom a commercial VHF channel for the public sector. Half the children of Los Angeles still cannot watch Big Bird or the other characters of *Sesame Street*.

The absence of a long-range communications policy causes the nation to improvise and stumble from one crisis to another. Television regulations grew out of radio law, just as the term "public interest, convenience, and necessity" was borrowed from Interstate Commerce Commission language pertaining to grain elevators.

If we continue to improvise, we shall never break out of the thicket that slows our progress. Even today when broad-band community cable could put fifty or sixty channels into every home, could end the constricting limitations of the VHF quasi-monopoly, could change television as much as television changed radio, we are bogged down in jurisdictional controversies between cities and states, between the states and the FCC, between the FCC and the White House. Cable television, the wired city, could virtually eliminate limited access and the other problems that now make it difficult to apply all of the principles of the First Amendment to broadcasting.

It *could happen* if we reorder our priorities and re-create the kind of long-range communications policy that can carry us into the next century.

To change this course we need a knowledgeable citizens' commission to question and report on where we have been. After thirty-seven years, how well has the Communications Act served the nation? Has the FCC been a threat to journalistic independence? Has it been a goad for progress? Should a new agency be created exclusively for telecommunications? Is the First Amendment compatible with a semi-closed franchised system? What should replace the Fairness Doctrine? Should vast conglomerates be allowed to own television stations and/or cable systems? (After all, aren't our banking institutions limited in the kinds of corporations they may acquire?) Should members of Congress be permitted to own stock in conglomerates which own powerful broadcast operations? How can public broadcasting be provided a long-term finance plan completely insulated from government and foundation control?

We need a serious study of all these problems, not by government and not by the broadcast industry, but by a panel of concerned and learned citizens. In Britain the Pilkington Commission of 1962 evaluated the long-range

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Inside Soviet Television

by JOHN TEBBEL

Americans visiting the Soviet Union for the first time are struck at once by two everyday differences in the culture of Them and Us. One is the food, which they usually find dreary if they have just come from the resplendent cuisine of European countries. The other is the sharp difference in the way communications media are organized and convey their messages.

For those who can read Russian, or have it translated for them, it is clear that the Agnewian Utopia in which newspapers do not criticize the government or seek to make it accountable to the electorate produces, in reality, a dullness and lack of information that would make all but the most obtuse critics of the American press reexamine their values. The same thing applies to magazines, which, by American standards, are soporific.

When one gets to television, however, the situation is different. Not that Russian news broadcasts are any less doctrinaire than the print media, or that general programing approaches America in variety, but in some respects the Russians have achieved what everyone foresaw for television in this country when it was new. Not all Americans, by any means, would be happy with the kind of fare the Soviet provides. Those who are not driven out of their minds by commercials, who love situation comedies and old movies, and who think Bob Hope *is* television, would find broadcasting in the U.S.S.R. the wasteland some critics think it is here.

What the Russians give their viewers on about 750 stations is a mix of culture, sports, and education. Serious music of all kinds predominates on the cultural side, with excellent drama thrown in. The Russian people love music and they love sports; both these interests are strongly reflected in Soviet broadcasting. Technically, the system does an excellent job of covering a country so huge. Recent statistics are either not available or not reliable, but experts estimate that there are about 121 television centers and slightly more than 600 retranslation stations. Two channels are operating in at least seventeen cities. In the fifteen capitals of this union of republics, programing is done both in Russian and the language of the region. There are qualitative differences between Moscow and Leningrad and the remainder of the country, as there are here between network and local shows.

It is in their use of television as an instructional medium, however, that the Soviet produces the most surprises for visitors who have been unaware of what is going on in this area, which is so shredded by controversy and relative inaction in the United States. True, and inevitably, there is indoctrination, but in Russian educational TV there is also a clear purpose (not entirely political) that is lacking here. Education generally is directed toward increasing the national productive capacity and strengthening the economy. The Russians have shown us how television can be used as a teaching instrument to advance a country toward such national goals, whatever they may be.

U.S.S.R.-TV, with its center in Moscow, operates four television channels, one national and three local. Viewers get the news and other informational programs on Channel I. Local cultural, informational, entertainment and sports programs for the Moscow area are seen on Channels II and IV. Channel III is the educational outlet, broadcasting in-school and out-of-school programs to places as far as 200 kilometers from Moscow. (Only rarely do all the channels broadcast the same program.) The broadcast day is between 10 a.m. and midnight.

The headquarters in Moscow from which most of this programing emanates is massive. Completed in 1967, it contains a dozen studios, the largest covering a thousand square meters, and it is well equipped for both color and black-and-white broadcasting. Videotape machines record some programs that are mailed to centers elsewhere, with the local language dubbed in. All the equipment is Russian-made; the Japanese electronics salesmen have not penetrated the Soviet market.

Educational programs are not yet originating in the new center, but are done from the old studios, still that does not seem to hamper their variety or effectiveness. One of the most striking features of this programing is what it does for continuing education, an aspect woefully neglected in American broadcasting. There are programs for doctors, engineers, managers, teachers, economists, agronomists, and other professional people, broadcast after 6 p.m. when they can best be seen. New developments and methods are described and illustrated wherever possible. The hand of the government reaches out here, for example, to direct the health authorities in Moscow to watch the programs meant for them, and as an added inducement they are given a refresher-course certificate for doing so. Presumably those without certificates are looked upon as suspect deviationists.

But the programs are undeniably valuable. Teachers, for instance, are constantly brought abreast of new developments in pedagogy and news about curriculum changes. Engineers and managers are encouraged to view the programs meant for them by holding out the carrot of promotion opportunities. During the past three years, peasants, workers, and farmers have been watching a forty-five minute Sunday program called *The People's University*, designed to bring them into the Soviet Union's cultural mainstream. In rural areas, similar programs are seen by groups gathered in so-called Palaces of Culture, and general discussion follows the viewing. Collective farms buy television sets for this purpose. U.S.S.R.-TV pitches these programs toward the farmers and the urban workers separately, recognizing that their problems are not the same, except that the overall purpose is to increase production. Finally, viewers of all ages everywhere constitute a large audience for those broadcasts intended to increase individual reading and speaking ability.

As for the schools, they get 300 hours of programing a year, on a five-day-week basis. The programs are about twenty-five minutes long and are coordinated with the lessons in the classrooms. Evening programs, intended for students who study at night, are about forty minutes long. The daytime shows are meant for grades two through ten.

University and institute students are the audience for special programs after 6 p. m. These are lecture courses (laboratory work is done in the institutions), and they are designed to help first- and second-year students through such universally hard courses as mathematics, chemistry, physics, and

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mechanics. About 2.5 million students are also taking extension courses, in which the usual correspondence work is combined with television programs.

The Russians have devised an effective system for their educational television teaching. An "editor" directs the program. He is an expert who may be a teacher or simply an authority in his discipline. In either case, he chooses lecturers from the faculties of universities and institutes, or else from working experts in the field. Like his American counterparts, he tries to find people who not only know the subject but are able to project their personalities on television. The editor packages the program, after which the director, who is an expert in television, devises the best means to put it on the air.

As one might expect, the educators do not have the final word on the programing, because it is paid for out of the U.S.S.R.-TV budget rather than Ministry of Education funds. Thus, in the end, the higher level of government directs what is to go on the air, although a great deal of it is noncontroversial. It costs about $770 an hour for educational television in Russia, but the government seems determined to put into it whatever money is needed; the Soviets say they are interested in quality, not quantity. In the case of higher education, the objective is different. Here the idea is to save the time and money required by the student to go from home or work to the university—and any qualitative improvements are incidental. No one in educational television believes it will ever replace schools; the Russians cling to the pre-McLuhan idea that contact between teacher and student is essential.

It is virtually impossible to determine how all this is working, since Russia does not conduct the systematic kinds of audience measurements that are commonplace here. Even the number of sets in the Moscow area is not known exactly; U.S.S.R.-TV estimates that there are about five million. Two sets are required in every school, but some have as many as ten. The authorities are lukewarm about the possibilities of radio in education. Except for the fact that it has a wider range, they see no advantages in it.

Leningrad is also an educational television center, operating through its Northwest Correspondence Polytechnical Institute, which has 24,000 students, nearly half of them women. The institute has been developing its program ever since television started in Leningrad in 1964, and is now considered by some to have taken the lead in television teaching in Russia. Leningrad has three channels, one of them devoted to education. Educators and broadcasters form committees to plan the programing, which goes to the lower schools two days a week and to the upper levels on the other three. All the institute's broadcasts are live because the directors believe it is better for the students and they want to avoid the standardization they think results from taping. Their theory of educational television is quite simple: It is viewed as a means of transmitting a lecturer's face and voice to a larger audience than he would have in a lecture hall.

"Those who are not driven out of their minds by commercials . . . and who think Bob Hope is television would find broadcasting in the U.S.S.R. the wasteland some critics think it is here."

Leningrad has another institution with a television program, the Polytechnical Institute, a smaller operation with 13,500 full-time and 5,000 part-time students, again divided about equally by sex. The institute recently has put a closed-circuit television system into operation, broadcasting from a single studio to fourteen classrooms, two of them seating as many as 250 students. Courses taught by this system include the structure of materials, metallurgy, mathematics, and languages, but the institute expects to expand (in color) and do programs from science laboratories besides extending the service to other buildings. Some of the institute's professors have their own extension system, delivering lectures on the city's educational television channel designed for their part-time preparatory and correspondence students.

There is a difference, apparently, between the aims of Leningrad and Moscow. In the former, the institutes are using television to educate more students, consequently reducing the number of teachers and lowering costs. In Moscow, the objective seems more to be enrichment, since Channel III is used to train and retrain teachers and both students and teachers watch the programs. Students are also urged to watch at home when programs relevant to what they are learning in school are broadcast, and to look at the general cultural programs broadcast on the other channels.

In spite of these differences, however, government education officials seem to hold strongly to the view that television must not exclude the teacher and that class sizes must not increase. Sounding a depressingly familiar note to Americans, they say that more money is needed for teachers and buildings, but their prospects of getting it are better.

Within the budget limitations presently imposed, the U.S.S.R. is using educational television to the fullest extent the money allows, with the clear overall purpose of extending the teacher's reach with no intention of replacing him. By comparison with the United States, the Soviets seem to have done much more in this area because in an authoritarian society, goals are clearly defined—in this case, strengthening the economy by increasing the productive capacity—and are carried out by the government. In an open society, where there are many conflicting aims and objectives, agreement on major goals is difficult, compromises are the rule, and achievement of the goals is delayed or, in some cases, unattainable.

One must also remember that the differences between metropolitan centers and less developed sections are greater in Russia than they are in America, which is a far more homogenized nation; consequently, the advanced state of educational television in Moscow and Leningrad is probably well above what has been achieved elsewhere in the country.

Yet the fact remains that educational TV is considerably ahead of what is being done in America, not only in Russia but in other countries such as Scotland and Spain. We seem to be the victims of a vast confusion of purposes and values.

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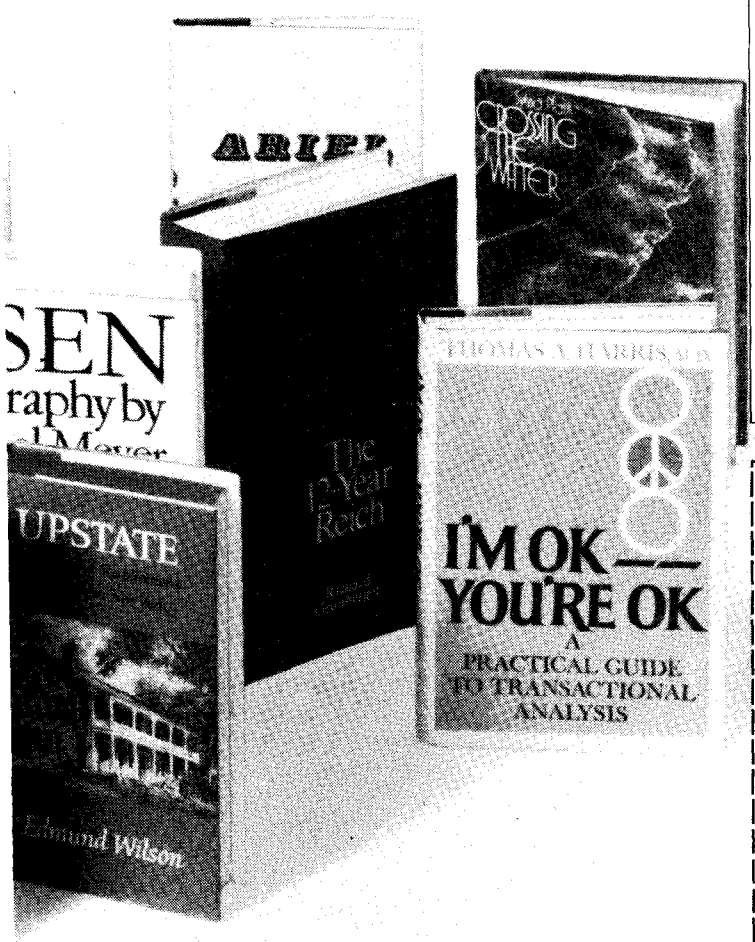

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Ms.

(Continued from page 45)

to do with the degree of feminist militancy reflected in its pages. The first four issues, which appeared on the market in early 1971, were edited by Diane Silver, a strong feminist who apparently had one idea of how the magazine should be edited while her publishers, Stanley and Michael Morse, had another.

Publication stopped. A new editor, Rochelle Larkin, was found, and *You* is publishing again this month. *You* will provide the same kinds of services for its middle-class white audience that *Essence* provides for its black readers.

With this sudden rush of new magazines into the woman's field it is not surprising that the old traditional standbys are taking notice, feeling threatened, and, in some cases, making significant changes. Locked into their advertisers and their service features, these conventional magazines will never totally change, but recent issues reveal that the Movement is having an impact, particularly at *Harper's Bazaar* (now edited by James Brady, who came over from *Women's Wear Daily*) and *Vogue*—the standard depositories for articles on face-lifting, thigh-tucking, and eyebrow-plucking.

That *McCall's* has come such a long way is due primarily to the influx of women editors Shana Alexander and later Patricia Carbine.

The transformation at *McCall's* began in the summer of 1970 when an article entitled "Five Feminists" by Martha Wyman Lear appeared. Since then, the magazine also has started a monthly newsletter for women, called "Right Now," which began when the magazine cut its size.

Over at the archrival *Ladies' Home Journal*, editor John Mack Carter is acting like a wily leopard moving through the underbrush stalking his victim. Quite cautious, he is not making any dramatic adjustments until he is certain the Movement is not a passing fad. One early concession has been the inclusion of author Letty Cottin Pogrebin's "Working Woman" column each month.

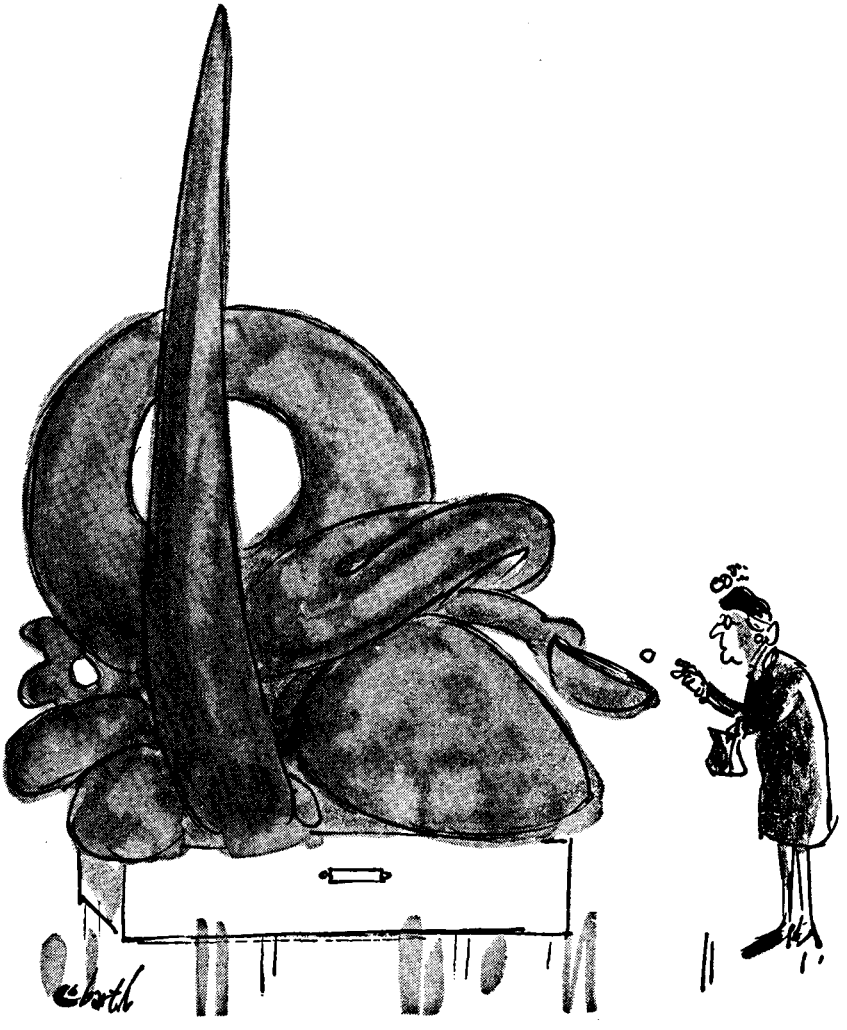
There is a twist of irony in the fact that a movement that began as a media joke (remember Atlantic City in 1968?) should emerge now as the shaper of media. I mean there really *are* a few more women in television than ever before. Copy desks *are* beginning to think twice before making sexist references to a certain part of a woman's anatomy, and Amy Vanderbilt is writing about marijuana and premarital sexual relationships where she used to write about white gloves and how to set a table.

In spite of herself, even Helen Gurley Brown credits the Women's Movement. "I don't think it's disturbing that Women's Liberation is where it's at. And thank God for it! Never mind that some women scream and shout, that some women are militant and unattractive, and that some are into gay liberation. They have shook up an entire country, and they should be proud of it."

Time, marketing, and reader support will determine whether these magazines survive. But there is a third factor that must not be overlooked. Basically the new magazines grew out of a movement, which leads people to quickly label them "cause" magazines. *Ms.* is the most vulnerable in this respect because it is carrying the ideology into its advertising policy. Difficulties could quickly arise if the "cause" begins to interfere too much with the day-to-day business of the magazine. An additional problem is the question of whether the Movement will continue or will, as some suspect, peter out after a while. As Ms. Steinem and other women have been traveling around the country talking to women from all strata of life, they have discovered an overwhelming interest in the Movement and in magazines reflecting the new woman. It remains to be seen whether they will be able to sustain readers. Someone asked me recently what the new woman's magazines would be reporting six months or a year from now: "Won't they run out of things to say?"

Men find it hard to understand, but once a woman starts looking at the world through feminist eyes, once she has experienced that "click" of recognition (as expressed by Jane O'Reilly in the first issue of *Ms.*), there is no turning back. Consumerism, politics, economics, psychology, ecology, medicine, foreign affairs—all the issues until now considered for men only—concern women too.

The success of these magazines depends on the degree of professionalism they achieve and what sort of marketing and advertising jobs they do. So far, the results have been encouraging. If for some reason they die, but change the traditional woman's magazines even more than they have already, that's not an unworthy accomplishment. At least awareness has been generated, and that's what we in the Movement are working for—awareness and acceptance of the new woman.



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Fragging

Continued from page 17

tions. We will do something abhorrent and then characterize it as an act of valor, and the soldier who received a medal for his act will later throw it away as worthless. There are no anchors or fixed points by which the soldier can judge his behavior and measure degrees of rightdoing or wrongdoing; consequently, standards become meaningless.

There is often not even that intimacy of combat which allows a man to see what he has done. Our war is abstract. Our strategy is one of superior fire power—we lay down a wall of fire to make the enemy keep his head down and then move on that advantage. At the end, the enemy is "neutralized," there are dead and mangled bodies, but much of the time nobody knows who killed whom. The intimacy of murder disappears and, with that loss of intimacy, feelings of valor or shame. For the Army this abstractness is tolerable in the war against the enemy, but there is no way of preventing it from turning inward when stress and frustration move a soldier to violence and the only enemy handy is one of his leaders.

Captain Steinberg feels that behind fragging, drugs, and the overall breakdown besetting the Army was its sin in allowing itself to be used for political purposes. In doing so, says Steinberg, it prostituted its honor as an instrument of freedom. Without this honor, the ideals that foster valor collapsed. Fundamentally, soldiers cannot be asked to die in defense of a theory in the minds of policymakers without having the abstractness of that commitment ultimately attenuate the very instrument of policy—the Army—to the breaking point.

The legacy of our demoralized Army in Vietnam is beginning to filter back to the United States with our returning troops. The names of vets are beginning to show up on police blotters in towns around points of disembarkation as soldier/addicts resort to crime to obtain the vastly more expensive American heroin. Others return in shackles to finish prison terms they received for fraggings or other crimes committed while they were in Vietnam. And still others return unaddicted and honorably discharged, but deeply embittered against the country that sent them to Vietnam to fight. However, for all the poignant confusion that assails the GI, I was struck with his honesty, his lack of cynicism, and, although it may sound strange, his bravery. The GI may be demoralized, but he is no coward, and, though he may be unwilling to be the last GI to die in Vietnam, he will still risk his life for a friend.

First Amendment

Continued from page 47

performance of the BBC, and similiar surveys constantly are being made.

I am not recommending an examination of day-to day content, and certainly not an inspection of broadcast practices on any one program. I am talking about performance for a decade. It is precisely this kind of long-range evaluation that will keep opportunists from sharpshooting practices that take aim at individual journalists and documentaries.

Merely reciting the litany that broadcasting deserves all the protection of the First Amendment will not make it true. Like patriotism, integrity, and marriage, it is better upheld in the demonstration than the recitation. Much more thought and work, much more self examination on and off the air, much more access to air time for those who believe they have been wronged by television and radio are essential. For communications to be truly free, there must be opportunities to vent the steam that builds up in what Jefferson called "the most certain and legitimate engine of government."

Senator Sam Ervin, in his eloquent statement at the beginning of his recent hearings on Constitutional rights and journalism, had a sentence that ought to be on the first page of a book that I hope he, or someone else, will write about these landmark hearings: "If the First Amendment principles are not held to apply to the broadcast media, it may well be that the Constitution's guarantee of a free press is on its deathbed." The outcome of this issue lies not only with those in high places who make communications policy, but also with those who make programs.

The First Amendment will apply when the broadcast schedule is worthy of it. Did the Founding Fathers mean what they seemed to be saying? Had they ever dreamed of broadcasting, would they have included it under the protections of the First Amendent? Perhaps the best answer to that is another question: Do *broadcasters* mean what *they* seem to say about their responsibility to the public in their applications for license renewal?

Answer to Wit Twister, page 37: itself, filets, stifle.

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(Continued from page 57)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1970

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Wind of the Midi	27 49 100 108 112 126 135
B. Blossoming (2 wds.)	138 149 199 6 24 39 48 72
C. Co-author of "The Changeling"	82 97 178 189 204 38
D. Worked in as a constituent	54 62 190 195 208 78 107 114 141
E. Early Greek	148 175 183 191 212 7 25
F. Having no satellite	69 102 119 137 152 160 187 197
G. Group of documents on the same subject	13 40 47 59 64 81 86
H. Commonplace	87 172 186 201 77 92 111 150
I. Moral weaknesses	206 37 52 93 101 113 122 155 161
J. Remote; unusual (comp.)	171 196 210 46 70 85 4 9 205 18 170
K. Profoundly respectful	185 14 17 31 41 66 79 95
L. Beetle that makes a ticking sound as it bores through wood	15 34 56 73 45 1 61 156 133 198
M. Narvik's province	209 68 90 179 42 129 144 80
N. Banner inspiring lively devotion or courage	103 127 142 130 169 188 28 88 125

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Smashing, ripping, top-hole (comp.)	163 211 67 104 173 182 192 53 131 143
P. Fairly large	145 167 139 153 75 124 180
Q. Views, beliefs	8 71 58 23 134 154 116
R. Capable of being run	136 151 164 174 21 123 63 83
S. Variety of apple	44 96 32 16 120 158 5
T. Quality of being very unpleasant or offensive	30 74 121 10 2 50 89 19 157
U. Wife of Marc Antony	177 60 20 91 35 12 115
V. *Fairly rough children's game* (2 wds.)	165 110 181 207 109 65 128 132
W. "Fancy's gilded clouds decay, / *And all its varying* ___ die away." (Comp.; Pope, "The Dunciad")	159 194 26 106 168 162 11 193
X. *Member of a Muslim dynasty ruling in Spain and N. Africa during the 12th and 13th centuries*	202 76 147 200 51 140 43
Y. Elucidation	29 98 55 36 176 118 166 184 3 117 22 105 146 203
Z. Large genus of colubrid aquatic snakes	57 94 33 213 99 84

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

1 L	2 T	3 Y	4 J		5 S	6 B	7 E	8 Q	9 J	10 T	11 W	12 U	13 G	14 K		15 L	16 S
17 K	18 J	19 T	20 U	21 R	22 Y	23 Q	24 B	25 E		26 W	27 A	28 N	29 Y	30 T	31 K	32 S	33 Z
	34 L	35 U	36 Y	37 I	38 C		39 B	40 G	41 K	42 M	43 X		44 S	45 L	46 J	47 G	48 B
	49 A	50 T	51 X	52 I	53 O	54 D	55 Y	56 L	57 Z	58 Q	59 G		60 U	61 L	62 D		63 R
64 G	65 V	66 K		67 O	68 M	69 F	70 J	71 Q	72 B	73 L	74 T	75 P	76 X	77 H		78 D	79 K
80 M	81 G	82 C		83 R	84 Z	85 J	86 G	87 H	88 N	89 T		90 M	91 U	92 H	93 I	94 Z	95 K
96 S	97 C	98 Y		99 Z	100 A		101 I	102 F	103 N	104 O	105 Y	106 W	107 D		108 A	109 V	
110 V	111 H	112 A	113 I	114 D		115 U	116 Q		117 Y		118 Y	119 F	120 S	121 T	122 I	123 R	124 P
125 N		126 A	127 N	128 V	129 M		130 N	131 O	132 V		133 L	134 Q	135 A	136 R	137 F	138 B	139 P
140 X	141 D	142 N	143 O	144 M		145 P	146 Y		147 X	148 E	149 B	150 H		151 R	152 F	153 P	154 Q
155 I	156 L	157 T		158 S	159 W	160 F		161 I	162 W		163 O	164 R	165 V	166 Y	167 P	168 W	169 N
170 J		171 J	172 H	173 O	174 R	175 E	176 Y	177 U	178 C	179 M	180 P	181 V		182 O	183 E	184 Y	185 K
186 H	187 F		188 N	189 C	190 D	191 E	192 O	193 W		194 W		195 D	196 J	197 F	198 L		199 B
200 X	201 H		202 X		203 Y	204 C	205 J		206 I	207 V	208 D	209 M	210 J	211 O	212 E	213 Z	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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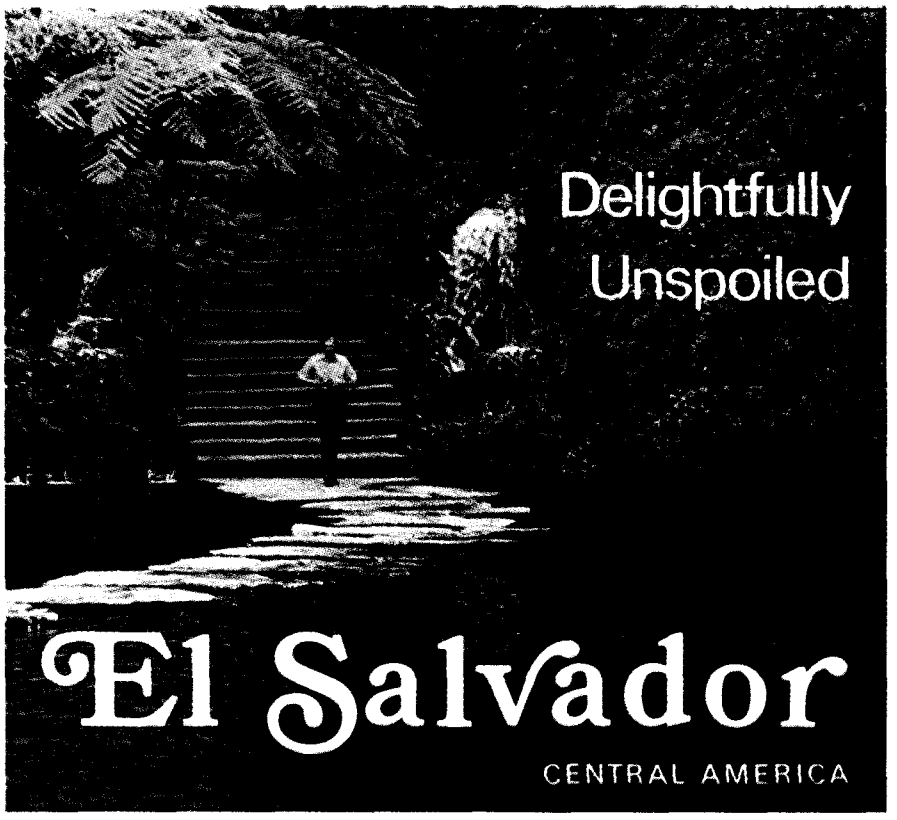

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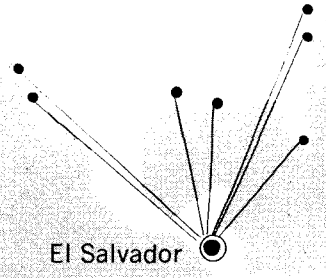

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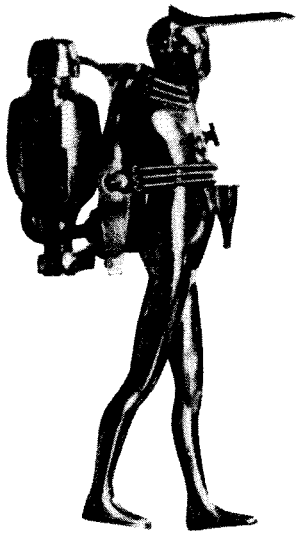

The real

During one summer week the air in Tokyo, Sydney, New York, Buenos Aires and Milan was officially unsatisfactory to breathe.

The ideal

Man will forever, for everyone, strip away the smothering blanket that separates him from the blue skies.

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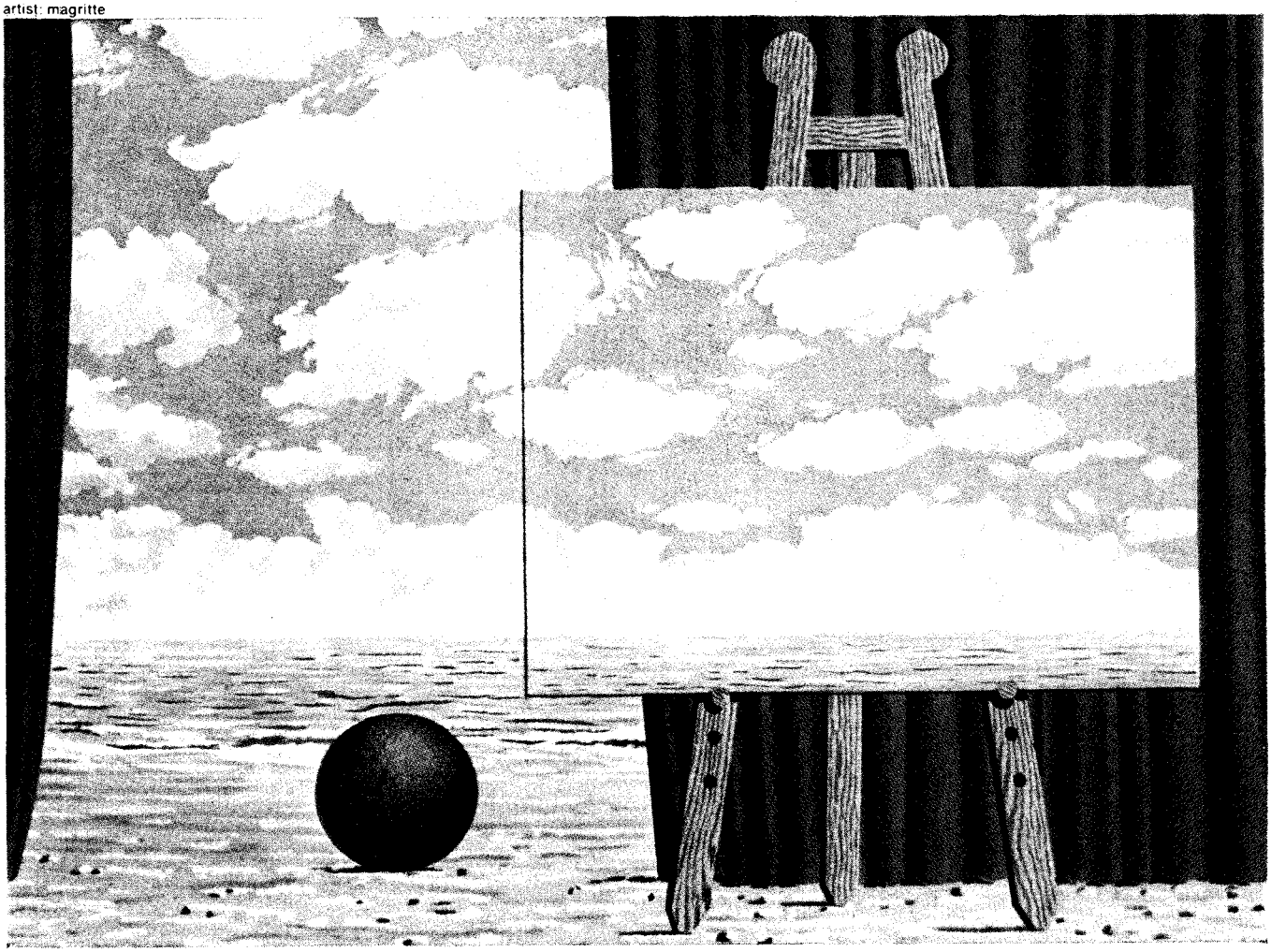

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